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THE ACTRESS.

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I.

Sweet Clare, upon the mimic stage,
Has trained her lips to fashion
Each burning phrase of love and hate,
Of grief and tender passion.
Her glorious eyes in anger flash,
Or droop subdued and meekly;
And yet I know she does it all
For forty dollars weekly.

II.

Ah me! I'd give a handsome slice
Out of my own tax levy,
If she would clasp me as she does
That awkward, big "first heavy;"
But then 'tis true my feelings might
Sustain a great reversal,
If it were done by stage-book rules
At eleven o'clock rehearsal.

III.

She sometimes speaks in such a voice
That those who stoop to listen,
Know by the blur before their eyes
That tear drops in them glisten;
And yet that plaintive, quavering tone,
Which melts the harshest creature,
Was taught to her in twelve forenoons
By an elocution teacher.

IV.

How well she acts the mother's part!
Pure love and pathos blending,
When o'er the cradle of her child,
In prayer, we watch her bending;
It rather spoils the scene to know
The child's owned by another;
And as for her, our actress-friend,
Why "she ain't no one's mother."

V.

Some higher lessons she instils
In alms and hospitality
When, on the stage, she flings her gold
In generous prodigality.
But her old landlord's lawyer man
For long her steps was dodging,
And he avers she hasn't paid
For her last quarter's lodging.

VI.

Her jewels sparkle in the light,
And every belle confesses
That nothing earthly could surpass
The actress-lady's dresses,
And yet the cloth was shop-worn stuff—
They didn't want to shelve it—
And all her elegance consists
Of paste and cotton velvet.

VII.

Well, what of that? the world's a stage,
And men and women actors,
And those who praise us to our face
Are, otherwhere, detractors.
Deception rules the most of earth,
And Humbug is our master,
And in the race 'twixt lies and truths
The former run the faster.

VIII.

The pretty girl who gave her hand
To Gunnybags in marriage
Thought only of his bank account,
Five-twenties, house and carriage.
And yet she swore she loved him well,
Nor did her red lips falter,
Although she stood a perjured wretch
Before the holy altar.

IX.

Sweet Clare, upon the mimic stage,
May train her voice to fashion
Each burning phrase of love and hate,
Of grief and tender passion:
For in the world we are sure to meet
Full many, bowing meekly,
Who mask their treacherous hearts for less
Than forty dollars weekly!

H. J. D.

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART SECOND

CHAPTER XII.

THE JOURNEY—A STRANGE MEETING—QUESTION AND ANSWER—THE DOCTOR'S AGITATION—MR. BARTON'S RESOLUTIONS—THE DREAM AGAIN—THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

Willie Burn went his way back to London, his head running strangely on the possibility or probability of James Barton's fancy respecting the two young girls, so strangely similar, and yet apparently not connected by any tie of relationship.

He promised to find out all he could from his landlady about the village of Kinghorn, and what had transpired there for the last twenty years.

That he should learn that Maggie Ross's father was the James Matthews that had left the place so many years ago to escape the shame connected with the name of his faithless wife he fully expected, for, from a chance word or two he heard from him, he surmised he came from that neighborhood; and Maggie herself had once let fall something about Fifeshire; but what that could have to do with Lady Lorton, or Mr. James Barton's imaginings, he could not see.

"It will prove the possibility of a chance likeness, I suspect," was his inward comment as the train whirled along. "Anyhow, Mrs. Grant will know all about it."

The latter sentence he spoke unwittingly half aloud, and it caused the old gentleman who sat opposite him to look somewhat curiously at his fellow traveller.

"Did you speak, sir?" the young man said at length, when the scrutiny of the eyes had continued some little time.

"Eh, I beg your pardon!" said the old man in a pleasant voice. "Have I been staring at you all this time? No, I didn't speak, but you mentioned a name that set me thinking, that's all."

"Mrs. Grant! Did I mention her name aloud? She is my landlady in London, a nice old lady, and I am going home. Do you know any one of that name? It is not very common in England."

"It is my sister's name," said the old gentleman, rubbing his hands and chuckling. Perhaps my Mrs. is your Mrs. Grant—that would be an odd coincidence, wouldn't it?"

"My Mrs. Grant lives at Limehouse, Preston street, near the East India Dock gate."

"Ah, then, it's not the same; the last address I had from my sister was King street, Bloomsbury. She lived there because she had a girl in some theatre near. Poor Mary! she was in great trouble when she wrote last. Her daughter had died—died at her work, almost. She spoke of a young lodger she had just taken, who she said was very kind to her, but I am afraid her life is a hard struggle. I am going to town now to see what I can do for her, if she hasn't forgotten me or fancied I have forgotten her."

"Neither the one nor the other, Dr. Cameron, I can assure you;" said the young man, earnestly.

"Eh!" exclaimed the old gentleman, taking off his spectacles, and staring at the stranger in great consternation, "do you know me?"

"Only from what you have this moment said, I assure you. I think you will find that your sister and my landlady (and she's like a mother to me, I can assure you) are one and the same person. I have heard so much of you that I feel as if you were an old acquaintance."

"Consider me one, then," said the doctor, holding out his hand; "I suppose you are Mr. Burn."

Willie bowed.

"I remember very well how my sister spoke in your praise in her last letter. I am glad to have met you; I shan't run the risk of being lost in the great city, and finding myself in some terrible scrape or other—and you don't know what a relief that is."

"I think I can pilot you safely to Limehouse," said Willie, grasping his hand, and shaking it with right good will. "Do you know you were the very person I was thinking about when I spoke Mrs. Grant's name just now?"

"Was I?"

"Yes; can you tell me whether a James Matthews, who once lived there changed his name when he left?"

"He did; that was no secret at the time. Did you know him?"

"I fancy so; I knew a person at Camperton of the name of Ross. Was he not the same?"

"He was, poor man; he never sought to conceal from his friends his change of name. It was for the sake of his child, poor little Maggie, that no one might be able to reproach her with her mother's disgrace; it was a terrible story, sir; a sad story indeed."

"So I should think from what I have heard. You could prove the daughter's identity, I suppose, could you not?"

"Certainly I could," he answered, with a slight hesitation in his tone. "I was present at the birth of—of Mrs. Matthews' daughter. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, it's no concern of mine!" said the young man; "but a queer idea has taken hold of a person, with whom I am acquainted, that Miss Ross and another young lady, who is excessively like her, are the twin daughters of a lady of rank to whom they bear a striking resemblance."

"Who?" asked the doctor, in uncontrolable agitation. "What lady? Tell me! Quick!"

"The Countess of Lorton. Do you know her?"

"I did, I did! long ago."

"She had twin daughters, had she not!"

"Yes, yes, but they're both dead—both dead. I remember their birth very well. They were born in James Matthews' house."

"Well, don't be surprised if you are questioned about it. Barton, that's the gentleman's name, is a queer fellow, and when once he gets hold of an idea he never lets it alone till he has sifted it to the very bottom. Besides, Miss Ross has a singular mark on her hand which he says is peculiar to the Lorton family."

"So it is!" groaned the old man. "Oh! Heaven forgive me. I did it for the best—I did it for the best!"

"Did what for the best?" asked his companion. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing," he replied, rousing himself, but looking, as Willie thought, frightened. "What did I say? I don't feel well. I am getting old to travel so far; I'm seventy-three."

"You don't look as much."

"I am, though. I'm ten years older than Mary we're the only ones left now out of a large family. Poor Mary."

He muttered on for a minute or two, and then fell asleep.

His fellow-traveler shut the window, hoping to keep out other passengers, that he might be undisturbed on the seat where he had stretched himself, and they journeyed on towards London.

He wondered very much at his sudden agitation, for that there was some other cause than weariness for it he felt sure; but he had not the clue, and he pondered in vain.

* * * * *

Mr. James Barton sat thinking for some time after Willie Burn had left.

"How to set about it," he thought, "That's the next thing. Write to Lord Lorton? I could do that, and feel my way in that way. I could write better than speak what I have to say, even if it was likely his lordship would see me, which it isn't. I have it. I'll write an anonymous letter. If he takes any notice of it, I may turn it to good account; if he does'nt, why I'll follow up the trail myself, and still turn it to account, notwithstanding."

The result of his cogitations was the following letter:—

"BIRMINGHAM, Monday, August 14th.

"MY LORD—I am perfectly conscious of my own boldness, being an entire stranger, in thus venturing to address your lordship, but from information I have received, or rather certain things which I have discovered, I am under the impression that I am in possession of a secret, your lordship, which may be of the greatest importance to yourself and your amiable countess. I believe your lordship to be in total ignorance of the subject of the information, which has come to me in a purely accidental manner, I assure you, and I will proceed to lay before you, my lord, an idea of what I cannot help thinking may be a possibility at least. Your lordship has doubtless seen the young lady who made such a sudden and brief sensation at the Royal Albert Theatre last spring. It is a matter of common report that your respected and amiable lady was suddenly and greatly agitated at something which occurred at the theatre on the night of her first appearance. Might it not have been the startling resemblance to herself which alarmed her ladyship? It is remarked by every one who sees Miss Lennox, and is nearly as strong in another young person, at present in Mr. Wortley's company, who, in addition to personal likeness to the countess of Lorton, has the peculiar distinguishing mark of your lordship's ancient house on her hand. The age of the two young ladies, I believe, can be proved to be the same, and I have reason to know tallies with the birth of the twins who were born at Kinghorn some twenty-one years ago in the house of your lordship's father's old servant. Should you, my lord, think the hints I have given worth anything, I shall be happy to explain who I am, how I came by my information, &c.; and to supply the links to the chain, the ends of which I have shown. A letter addressed to J. B., under cover to Mr. Walsh, Wrekin Tavern, Broad Court, Drury Lane, will find me. Your lordship will be able to judge from what I have said whether I really am in possession of any information valuable to you, and in the meantime allow me to subscribe myself your lordship's most obedient humble servant, J. B.

"To the Earl of Lorton, Lorton Castle."

"There," said Mr. Barton to himself, when he had concluded his mysterious epistle. "If he doesn't jump at my idea he either doesn't care to hear his children are alive or he has too good proof of their death to leave him room for doubt."

The letter went duly addressed to "The Earl of Lorton, Lorton Castle," and was turned out upon the breakfast table with the rest of the contents of the letter bag. The family had only just returned to England, after a lengthy sojourn on the Continent.

The health of the countess had given way somewhat after the shock she had received in the spring time in Mr. Wortley's theatre; and constant change of scene and society had been prescribed as the best, indeed the only remedy.

The dreadful dream which had troubled her early married life had begun to recur again, and though the doctors and her husband, to whom she spoke of it, looked upon it as the effect of weakness, she herself coupled it with some dread presentiment of evil, and dwelt upon it with a morbid intenseness which made sad havoc with her strength.

For the last five weeks, however, she had been much better, no disturbing visions had agitated her, and the earl congratulated himself on her recovery. This particular 15th of August, however, she appeared with a pale face. It was her son's birthday; he was fifteen; a merry, noble hearted Eton boy, and his birthday was to be kept with considerable *eclat*.

The earl noticed his wife's pale face with much concern.

"You are not so well this morning, dear Laura," he said, tenderly; "you have worried yourself about this birthday *fete*."

"No," she replied, glancing at her children, "it is not that."

When Lady Agnes and her brother had retired she drew closer to her husband's side, and resting her hand on his shoulder, whispered:—

"The dream again, dear Harold, the dreadful, terrible dream; it is ever haunting me now."

"I am sorry for it, darling," he said soothingly. "Try and forget it for to-day, at least."

"I cannot," she said, covering her eyes with her hands. "It is so vivid, so real, always my dead boy! Always the fair girl with the marked hand."

He tried to turn her thoughts into another channel, and began opening his letters.

"Who is that from?" she asked, seeing him put one into his pocket, "a secret, eh?"

"No, no secret," he replied with visible embarrassment, "only a business letter."

An hour afterwards the countess entered her husband's study; he had been called away suddenly in the midst of his writing, and letters lay scattered about his *escritoire*; a word in one of them caught her eye.

"Kinghorn!" she exclaimed, snatching it up. She glanced over it with a pale face hurriedly; then again carefully, and left the room. The earl returned, and found his papers as he had left them; but the countess had read Mr. James Barton's letter.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN HOUR ALONE—CHILDISH GOSSIP—THE LIST OF PERFORMERS—THE STRANGE MAN—MY LADY'S PORTRAIT—THE LORTON CREST—COMPARING NOTES.

The Countess of Lorton said nothing to her husband of what she had seen, but she shut herself into her own room and was invisible for an hour.

In vain her children rapped and called in their youthful impatience and fear that "mamma would not be dressed in time;" in vain her maid Annette, who endeavored to pass for a Frenchwoman, though she was English to the very backbone, entreated to be admitted. "Madame would never be ready," she piteously averred; in vain the earl begged her to open the door; "she wanted to be alone a little," she said. There was nothing the matter with her, and with that they were obliged to be content.

At the end of the time she admitted her maid and allowed herself to be dressed, rather silent, and very pale, but otherwise the same as usual, and when her children met her at the door of her room there was nothing about her to tell of any unusual excitement or agitation.

"You look lovely, mamma," was Lady Agnes' comment on her appearance. "You will be the prettiest lady here. Won't she, Charley?"

"That she will!" said the boy warmly. "I never saw any one so pretty as you, mamma, or any one like you, except—"

"Except when?" said her ladyship, as he stopped suddenly.

"Except at Cremorne, mamma, I was going to say, and—and at the theatre that night you know, when you were so ill. I think those young ladies were almost as pretty as you, Miss Ross especially."

"You seem to have a very vivid recollection of her," said his mother, smiling, though the smile was rather forced.

M'LLE ALINE LAMBELE,
Prima Donna of the French Opera Troupe.

"Oh, haven't I," he replied emphatically, "she was prettier than the other one; she had brown eyes, the color of mine and Aggy's and papa's, and she seemed so ladylike and gentle. And then she had a red streak on her hand just like mine, and—"

"Charley, be quiet, you are worrying mamma," said Lady Agnes, suddenly. "You do talk so fast."

"No, he never worries me," said his mother affectionately, "I am not very well this morning."

"You don't look so, indeed," said the earl, who had come up unobserved. "What was the important subject under discussion?"

"Miss Ross," replied Lord Dornton, "and the other lady."

"How came that subject on the *tapis*?" said his lordship; "it's not a pleasant one to your mother, children."

"I was only saying how like they were to mamma, and talking about the red streak on Miss Ross' hand."

"Well, you've talked enough about it. Run away. I'll give you a piece of information—the man has arrived with the fireworks."

"And the people for the tableaux?"

"I haven't heard anything of them yet."

Away bounded the young heir, and his sister followed more slowly as became her extra two years.

"It seems fated that the subject of those two should always arise to trouble you, Laura," said her husband.

"Not to trouble me exactly," she said; "if I could only see them and talk to them, find out certainly for myself who and what they are, I should not be so oppressed by the strange likeness as I am now."

"You will be able to do that with one of them at least," Lord Lorton replied. "Margaret Ross is one of the names down on this list for the tableaux. I mentioned them both, but the other young lady has left the stage, it seems. A man named Schryme is to arrange the scenes, and a certain John Barton is manager-in-general. Here is the list; do you want to see it?"

"Yes—yes!" suddenly exclaimed Laura, taking it out of his hand. She recognized the writing, though he did not, as the same as the somewhat disguised hand of "J. B." "I should like to have seen them both," she said, returning the list without comment.

"Perhaps it is as well as it is, my dear; the other lady's reputation is extremely equivocal, I believe, and it would look as if we were careless in such matters. Has Mrs. Marsh seen about a room and refreshment for them? Those things are apt to be forgotten sometimes, and one gets the credit of being stingy and inhospitable from a mere oversight."

"I will ring and inquire," said his wife.

The bell was rung, and orders given for the comfort and well-being of the performers expected.

"I am certain of one thing," the earl remarked, when the servant had left the room, "that those two girls were the same two we saw at Cremorne, or rather that I saw, for by an odd collection of circumstances, you didn't see either of them."

"No; I never saw either of them till that night."

"And I feel pretty sure of another thing, too."

"What is that?"

"That the one with the mark is Matthews' daughter."

"Matthews' daughter! Why, her name was Ross, you said."

"I believe she's his daughter for all that. She came from Scotland to Wortley for some mysterious reason, which she won't tell; had an aunt in London, who died a short time ago, who kept a gin shop or something, and has lately lost her father."

"But Matthews isn't dead, is he?"

"I don't know—very likely. I think he had a sister in London who died recently. He may be dead himself; and this girl's secret mission in London and trouble, which she keeps to herself, may it not be connected with her miserable mother? It is a fancy of mine, but there is truth in it I feel convinced."

"There may be," replied the countess; "but we are loitering, Harold; the people are pouring in at the gate yonder, and Charlie and Aggy are in the midst of them already."

"They have made up their minds to have a day of it, it seems, said the earl, laughing."

Well, I'm not sorry for it; we can go to them before our aristocratic visitors come. We shan't be wanted amongst them these three hours yet."

The park looked very brilliant in the sunshine as they walked out of Lady Lorton's pretty garden, and took their way towards the tents which had been erected.

There were to be games and races, and prizes for each and everything, to be given by the young heir and his sister; there was to be a dinner in a huge tent at one o'clock for the rustic visitors and a breakfast at half-past two in a grand marquee on the private lawn, for the more aristocratic guests.

There was plenty of room for all.

As the earl and his lady appeared at the gate that separates the countess's pretty private garden from the open park a universal shout arises from the group that are scattered here and there upon the grass.

"Three cheers for the earl," are called for and given with a right good will. Then for the young heir, and the boy, half shyly, takes a step forward and thanks them, and adds, "he hopes they'll like him as well as they do his father."

Apart from all the gaiety, at the outskirts of the park, a man stood alone.

He looked dirty and travel worn, and his face was haggard and pale, as if ill health, or perhaps hunger, even, had left its wearying effect on him; his eyes looked greedily at the carts of provisions that went by, but he did not intrude further except when the crowd gathered to hear the earl's words, and then he pressed forward a little, returning to his former station when the short speech was over. Then he took from his pocket a portrait, a common, cheap daguerreotype, and looked earnestly at it. A group of servants from the castle passed him and regarded him suspiciously.

"He looks like a tramp," said one.

"Or a thief," said another.

"He's hungry, perhaps," interposed a quiet looking girl, Lady Agnes' maid. "Shall I offer him anything?"

"No, not for the world, Mattie," said the first speaker, He may be one of a gang of robbers."

"I don't think he's a robber," said the girl. "His lordship said all were to be welcome to day, and he looks as if he wanted it."

"Not rogues or gipsies," the other exclaimed scornfully.

"I am neither," the man said haughtily.

He was nearer than they fancied, and had overheard them.

"I am neither thief, rogue nor gipsey; only a poor man; I am ill and—"

He hesitated.

"And hungry. I have walked far already to-day, and should be glad of a bit of bread."

"You shall have more than that," said one of the men.

"Come this way and I'll get you a mouthful of meat and a glass of ale. You can sit on the grass and eat it behind the tent yonder."

"Ay, out of sight anywhere," said the man, bitterly. "Im a poor object on a day like this. I thank you kindly, sir, and you, miss," turning to the girl her companions had called Mattie, "I heard your kind words. You have a merry making of some sort here to-day?"

"Yes; it's the young lord's birthday. My lady just dotes on him."

"Is that your lady with the light hair and blue eyes?"

"Yes; and a sweet creature she is, too."

The man made no reply, but looked again at the miniature he held. One of the women caught a glimpse of it, and gave a little startled shriek.

"Why, it's my lady's likeness?" she said. "How did you come by it?"

"No it isn't," the man replied, grimly, shutting it up with a snap. "It's my daughter's likeness, and I'm on my way to London to see her, if she aren't too fine a lady to acknowledge her father."

He was provided with a meal by the man (one of the footmen), who had promised it to him, and sat behind the large tent, eating and drinking with gusto, and the servants strolled on, looking about them.

"I tell you it was my lady's likeness," said the girl, who had seen the portrait. "It was a nasty, dirty-looking thing, but there could be no mistake; there are no two faces like hers."

A couple of hours afterwards Lord Lorton passed the spot. The man was still there, resting now, apparently, for he lay somewhat listlessly on the grass. In his hand was an open parcel, its contents seemingly two or three odd bits of pink ribbon, excessively old-fashioned looking, a yellow piece of delicate embroidery, and something else, upon which the sunlight gleamed with a strange, shimmering light.

He started, and hastily covered the articles, whatever they were, with the paper which had held them, as he heard footsteps.

"Don't disturb yourself, my man," said the earl, kindly. "Have you anything to eat?"

"Yes, thank you, sir."

"You are a stranger here, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your name?"

"John Thomas."

"John Thomas—John Thomas," said the earl, musingly. "Wherever have I heard that name before? it seems to recall something to my mind."

"I have been almost all over the kingdom, sir," replied the man. "I was a showman."

"I remember!" exclaimed the earl. "It was at Perth!"

A strange expression passed over the man's face—half fear, half defiance—but he did not speak.

"John Thomas was the name of the man who claimed the child from the infirmary nineteen years ago. Was that you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes."

"Is she alive?"

"For aught I know, sir; she went away—ran away from me, and now she's making a fortune, and I'm starving."

"Starving!"

"I was two hours ago, sir, till some of the servants, I suppose they are, gave me something to eat. Might I make so bold as to ask you a question?"

"Certainly, what is it?"

"Are those the Lorton arms, sir?" pointing to the broad banner which floated from the top of the tent.

"Yes, why?"

"I can't tell you why, sir; I wanted to be sure; I've seen them before, I think."

"You may see my crest everywhere in this part of the country; the people are quite feudel in their attachment to us."

"Your crest!" the man exclaimed, starting to his feet, while his pale face turned paler still, "I beg your pardon, sir, are you——"

"I am the Earl of Lorton. Sit down, my good fellow, sit down."

"No, thank you, sir, my lord, I must get on my way. If ever I could tell you a secret, my lord, might I make so bold as to write you? I'm not much of a hand with my pen, but you'd pardon that. I might have something to say that it wouldn't do to trust to any one else for the sake of fine writing."

"Certainly," the earl replied, "write to me when you like."

The man bowed respectfully and walked away, leaving Lord Lorton considerably surprised at his mysterious words.

"A secret," he muttered. "What can it mean? Pshaw!" he said, as a wild thought came flashing through his mind. "Poor fellow, he is very likely, deranged."

Meantime John Thomas walked towards the park gates, and as he went, he looked from the fluttering flag to something he held in his hand; and the earl walked to the place where the evening's amusements were to wind up with fireworks after the tableaux in the drawing room, the very spot where the heir of Lorton had met his death, according to the tradition of the family, so many years ago.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

SERVANTS' HALL GOSSIP—THE GARDENER'S WIFE—PREPARATIONS FOR THE FIREWORKS—A FRESH ARRIVAL—ANNETTE'S MINISTRATIONS—THE TRANSFORMATION.

Great was the argument in the servants' hall at Lawton Castle on the subject of the strange man, and the mysterious portrait, which the girl who had seen it averred was that of Lady Lorton. The new comers, who had heard little or nothing of the story of their master's marriage, set it down as fancy at once, while the others who had been in the service of the old earl and knew the history of Lawyer Carson and his beautiful daughter, leaned to the opinion that it was possibly a likeness or a copy of a likeness of Laura, taken in her girlhood and come into the man's possession by accident.

"There's plenty of portraits of my lady to be had," said one of the older servants.

"Every print shop of any account has the one that was taken in the first year of her marriage; it may be a copy of that."

"No, it isn't; I've seen that picture, and I don't believe he got it by any accident," said one of the girls who had been walking that morning. "He looked too fond of it for any accidental possession; besides, he told us all that it was his daughter, did'nt he, James?"

"Oh, yes, I'll take my oath of that, he said it was his daughter," said the gentleman appealed to. "And he said he was going to London to see her, if she wasn't too proud to own him, or something of that sort; he didn't look a father to be very proud of, anyhow."

"No, poor wretch, he looked more like a beggar than anything else; and how he did eat, to be sure—as if he had been starved for days and days!"

"I expect he was just some poor tramp," said the cook, "and came in to see what he could get. If he has a daughter at all she'll be a match girl, or something of that sort."

"May be," said one of the men, "but I saw his lordship talking to him for all that."

"His lordship, the earl!"

"Yes."

"What could such a man have to do with a man like him!"

"I didn't hear it all; I heard something about Perth and a secret, and the man asked my lord if he might write to him."

"Write to him? That ragamuffin!"

"Yes; he said he wasn't much of a writer, but he wouldn't trust the secret to any one else. Those were his very words."

"And where might you be, to hear all this?" asked the cook. "You must have been listening pretty sharp to other people's business."

"No sharper than you would, if you'd had the chance. I was looking to the glasses inside the big tent, and his lordship and the man were just outside. He seemed kind o' crazed, I thought; he lay on the grass muttering over some bits of rags and things a long time before my lord spoke to him."

"I don't think he was a madman; he spoke to me sensibly enough," said a tidy, somewhat sunburnt young woman, who sat apart from the rest with some refreshment before her. She was the under-gardener's wife, and kept the lodge, and often found her way into the servants' hall for a bit of gossip.

"Did he?" Oh! what did he say?" asked the cook, eagerly. Their curiosity all seemed strangely roused now that their master had been seen in conversation with this tramp, as they considered him.

"Have a little more ale, Mrs. Perks. James, fill Mrs. Perks' glass."

"Oh, I couldn't, Mrs. Mills, ma'am, and thank you, I'm sure, for what I've had already. Half a glass, then, Mr. James, if you please, since you're so pressing."

"Nonsense," exclaimed the cook, believing her good things the surest way to Mrs. Perks' heart, or rather to her tongue—and perhaps they were. "It won't hurt you, it's as mild as milk. Try a little bit more of that chicken; it's one that wasn't very handsome, so I kept it for the hall."

There was a few minutes' pause while Mrs. Perks finished her repast, and then she began, in answer to their questioning looks:—

"Well, you see, Mrs. Mills," addressing the cook, in respect of her seniority, "I was standing at the gate, watching the carriages and people, and thinking they couldn't have a grander merry making if his young lordship was married, or come of age, or something——"

"That's what every one says," put in one of the girls; "it seems as if they thought he'd never have another birthday, or something of that sort."

"What stuff!" said another; "if they fancied anything of that sort they'd be weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth in fine style. Go on, Mrs. Perks; I'm dying to hear about that man."

"I haven't much to tell," Mrs. Perks said; "but it's rather odd. I was at the gate, as I tell you, and I heard some one muttering and talking behind me. The voice sounded odd and wild like, and I stood still. The old tree there hid me from the person who was speaking, and I peeped round; it was a ragged, dirty-looking man, sitting on the ground, doing up a parcel. He was talking hoarsely to himself.

"'I hold the proof,' I heard him say; 'I'll use it in my own good time; the mother will know these rags, and this I took off the baby's neck myself.'

"I was frightened at his look, and I kept quiet and he went on. He opened the portrait you have been talking about and looked at it, and it sent my heart into my mouth, I can tell you, when I saw the face.

"'You're very like your mother,' he said, with a kind of sneering laugh. 'I wonder how she'll like her daughter when she finds out she's alive?'

"He put the case up with the rest, and my foot slipped at the moment and startled him; he jumped up in a hurry, and something bright fell from his hand and rolled to my feet. I picked it up, though he tried to prevent me.

"'Give it to me!' he said, angrily.

"'Where did you get it?' I asked, looking at it, for I was astonished at something I saw.

"'That's my business,' he replied. 'I didn't steal it.'

"'It wasn't mine, however he came by it, and I gave it to him.

"'You've sharp eyes, missus,' he said, in a threatening kind of way. 'It'll be as well if your tongue isn't quite so sharp. You needn't tell everybody what you have seen. Will you give a poor man a drink of water?'

"Well, I gave him some water, and he put the locket—didn't I say it was a locket?—well, it was, a gold one set round with stones—into his pocket and went away.

"'I'm not crazy, missus,' he said, with a kind of grin, as he went out. 'You may see me again at Lorton some day when you least expect it.'"

There was a general chorus of "Good gracious!" and "Well, I never!" when Mrs. Perks stopped, and the assembly unitedly declared that "something would come of it."

"Ah, but you haven't heard the pith of it," said Mrs. Perks. "What do you think was on the locket? I had it in my hand long enough to see."

"A name, perhaps. Oh, do tell us, there's a dear," chorused the women, while the men, equally curious but less demonstrative, drew nearer to listen.

"Well, then," said the gardener's wife, bursting with her secret, yet hesitating whether or not to render herself of importance by withholding it. "But I don't know whether I ought to tell it."

"I think you ought," said the cook, solemnly. "I think them sort of things should never be kept to one person; suppose it was anything of importance, and you was to be took sudden, Mrs. Perks, wouldn't it be better for some one else to know it."

"That would be only hearsay evidence after all," said the first footman, "and I have heard that that stands for nothing in law."

"Oh, bother law and evidence," said the upper housemaid, we're not in a witness box, and don't want to be; tell us, because we want to know, Mrs. Perks. It's nothing very mighty after all, I daresay."

"May be 'tis, and maybe 'tisn't," said the woman, somewhat tartly. "It's none of my business, anyhow; but I was frightened, I can tell you."

"Frightened?"

"Yes, frightened; on that locket that fell from the beggar man's hand this morning, and which I picked up—the trinket, I heard him say, he took from some baby's neck—there was engraved, plain and distinct——"

"What?"

"This," replied Mrs. Perks, taking up the fork she had been using.

"The Lorton crest!"

"Too much gossipping here," said a voice in the doorway, and turning round they saw the housekeeper, Mrs. Marsh. "I thought you were all lost," she continued, good humoredly, as the company rose in confusion at her entrance. "Mattie, this is not your place; your young lady will be in directly, you should be in her room. Get to your work, girls; and you, James and John, you should be in the drawing room by this time; it's time to light up. Ha! Mrs. Parks, is that you? I hope they are making you comfortable."

"Very, ma'am, thank you," she replied, much relieved that the old lady did not seem to have heard her story, for she was, as she expressed herself, "bashful before quality," and she could have as soon spoken to the countess herself as Mrs. Marsh, who seemed in her eyes quite as great a lady. And she was a lady, and looked one, that respected old housekeeper, with her substantial, handsome silk dress, and her lace cap covering her white hair. Her head had grown white in the service of the Lortons. She had been a buxom widow of thirty-five when she first entered the family, and now she numbered nearly seventy; and a very few years more would see her superannuated or laid at rest in the churchyard.

"And where is Perks?" she asked, kindly.

"He's at home, ma'am; he was out the fore part of the day, and he's minding the gate and the children, ma'am."

"A model husband," said Mr [illegible], laughing. "You are a fortunate woman, Mrs. Perks. You can go with the servants to the tableaux and fireworks. I wish they were over; I trust no accident may happen."

"Poor old lady," said the cook as she went her way. "She's lived in this dreary, out-of-the-way place till her nerves are all gone; but she's a good old soul, and as kind a mistress to us as ever lived. She's as frightened about them fireworks as if she was going to let 'em off herself, poor dear. I'll be bound she won't see one of 'em for fright."

"Where are they to be?"

"The tableaux in the great drawing room and the fireworks out on the west side, at the foot of the rocks yonder. There's to be a grand blow up at the end. I hope I shall get out to see it."

"What! there, at the murder stone, as they call it? I thought no one liked to go there much."

"That's the very reason why his lordship fixed upon the place. James heard him laugh, and say he'd burn out the memory of the dreadful thing they say happened there, for that it was one of the prettiest places in the park."

"So it is. There's a carriage, Mrs. Miles; somebody's late."

"I thought Annette said every one was come. She won't thank them for coming at this time o' night; she's been dressed up, and walking about as fine as a peacock ever since the morning, while we've been slaving like niggers. It's a fine thing to be a lady's maid, My! what shabby-looking people! Whoever can they be?"

Shabby in comparison with the gay butterflies who were flitting about Lorton that day, but comfortable and well-to-do, nevertheless—none other than Mr. and Mrs. Wycherly in a hired fly, looking very grim and wretched by the side of the smart vehicles near which it was drawn up.

The worthy old glover and his wife were somewhat dismayed at the sight of the festivities upon which they had intruded, and would there and then have driven back again had not the earl himself seen and recognized them.

To see was to welcome with his lordship, and almost before they had even time to think, they were drawn into a small snuggery off the hall, and a message despatched for the countess, with a respect and attention which at once showed the servants that whoever the somewhat *outre* looking old couple might be, they were friends of their master's and to be treated accordingly.

Laura was delighted to see her old friends, who, it appeared, had been at the nearest town on business (visiting their son-in-law, Mr. Thomas Turton's family, it came out afterwards,) and had seized the opportunity of driving over to see their former governess and her children.

Now they were here they must remain; so a messenger was despatched back with the despised fly to fetch their belongings, and Miss Annette was summoned from a flirtation with the footman of a neighboring family to attend the visitor to her room; while Mr. Wycherly found himself, with considerable trepidation, under the guidance of the earl's valet, a far finer gentleman than his master.

"Annette will find you everything you want, dear Mrs. Wycherly," said Laura, "and I'll send you up something; I must run away from you till you are ready; then I'll come and fetch you; now don't say you'd rather stay up-stairs; you wouldn't, you know. Let Annette dress you, she has capital taste. I shall be proud to introduce my friend of old times to some of my newer ones."

Mrs. Wycherly submitted, and followed the smart Abigail in some dismay to a comfortable dressing-room, and looked on in silence while she unlocked a wardrobe and laid article after article of costly array on the sofa and chairs.

"Is she going to put them on me?" she asked herself.

That Annette certainly was, and in a very short time Mrs. Wycherly saw in the glass the vision of a handsome old lady in a moire dress and lace cap, with braided grey hair, smooth and glossy, and could hardly believe it was herself, or comprehend the lady's-maid's assurance that madam must be exactly the same size as the dowager countess, the dress fitted her so exactly.

"You mustn't be offended," said Laura, when she came to see if her dear old friend was refreshed and dressed. "I couldn't have got your own things here in time; I knew Annette could do up something."

"She twisted me about just as if I was a baby," said Mrs. Wycherly, laughing. "I was dressed before I knew where I was. I declare Wycherly won't know me."

Nor did he; but made a most profound bow to the handsome old lady who leant on the earl's arm when they met at the foot of the stairs. He had undergone considerable renovation himself, but the transformation was not quite so complete.

"Allow me to introduce you," said Laura; laughing, "Mrs. Wycherly, Mr. Wycherly. I did not think Annette's ministrations would have been quite so effective."

And, laughing merrily, they joined the company in the drawing-room.

CHAPTER II.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS—MAGGIE ROSS—FIREWORKS—TO END WITH A SIGH—THE CLASPED HANDS.

The drawing room looked very brilliant as the lovely Countess of Lorton entered it with her old mistress on her arm. She did not bewilder good Mrs. Wycherly with a host of introductions, but quietly presented her to one or two of the nearest guests and placed her in a snug corner beside the dowager countess and Lady Agnes, where she could see all that was going on around her without being embarrassed by the forms and ceremonies of a society so new to her; while she herself flitted from one friend to another, making every one feel as if he or she were the specially favored visitor. The tableaux were very pretty and artistic. A platform had been erected in the inner drawing-room, concealed by a crimson curtain, and the outer room was reserved for the audience. Scenery had been brought down from London and everything done that could be to give grace and effect to the pretty exhibition. The servants were allowed to come in at the back of the room with a few of their favored friends. Mr. Schryme, the *ballet* master of the Albert Theatre, had arranged the groups, and was to be the spokesman on the occasion.

Over and over again did the curtain rise on some lovely grouping, and the old man's voice was heard with some appropriate quotation. "Leicester and Amy," "Rebecca and Rowena," then a scene from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the fairies by a whole bevy of tiny *artistes* who had recently appeared in the drama in London. Mr. Schryme's quotation I—

"I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman," &c.

was scarcely heard or heeded, so great was the admiration excited by the Titania, and her likeness, noticed instantly, to the Countess of Lorton.

Whispers of "Who is she?" began to circulate, but beyond the fact that she was an actress, nothing was

known about her, and the curtain descended again to rise on the statue scene in the "Winter's Tale," and to drive away the recollection of the lovely Titania, with the classical beauty of the stately Hermione.

"Prepare
To see the life as lively mocked as ever
Still sleep mocked death; behold, and say 'tis well"—

was the apt passage with which it was announced, and the universal applause testified how thoroughly the spectators appreciated its beauty and correctness.

Then came "Antony and Cleopatra," Mademoiselle Dolores, the principal dancer in Mr. Wortley's theatre, who had come "for the fun of the thing," she said, personating the fascinating and profligate queen of Egypt, and looking her part to the life. Then "Hubert and Arthur;" then another scene from the same play, all gleaming with bright armor and glittering banners; Constance and the two kings and their trains.

"Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it, for shame!
And hang a calf skin on those recreant limbs."

Admirably did mademoiselle's dark face express the withering scorn of the words spoken by the *ballet* master, and again did rapturous applause testify the delight of the spectators. There was a little delay before the curtain rose again on the last tableau. It was one of Mr. Schryme's own choosing, and seldom thought of. It was taken from "King Lear"—the old king's tent, at the moment when his half awakened faculties struggle with his madness and he recognises his daughter. There seems but little scope for effect in the scene, but the old man's artistic taste had made a touching picture of it. The tent, the attendants, a page or two, sturdy, warm hearted old Kent, the physician and the beautiful Cordelia, more lovely now in her simple drapery than in the gleaming dress of the fairy queen. Her long hair was turned back from her face and twisted up into a graceful knot behind, through which a golden arrow passed, and an antique gold brooch fastened her drapery on one shoulder. No other ornament was anywhere about her; none was needed; her glorious beauty was decoration enough. Again and again was the applause renewed, and the passage chosen to be read was beautifully given. When the concluding words were heard:—

"Do not laugh at me—
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child, Cordelia"—

it burst forth again, and a second look at the picture was vehemently demanded. After a minute or two the curtain was once more drawn up, and the last and prettiest of the tableaux again exhibited.

Then, not till then, the earl noticed his wife's pale face.

"Laura," he whispered, "what is it?"

"Nothing, Harold, nothing;" and then she repeated, half to herself, "I think this lady to be my child, Cordelia."

"My dear Laura," he exclaimed, "I have been wrong in having that girl here; try and shake off these wild fancies."

"I cannot," she said. "I see her now as I saw her in that dreadful dream so many years ago; the girl with the marked hand by my dead son's side."

"But your son is alive and well, dearest, and will be, I trust, for many a long day. See how he is enjoying himself; he has a taste for gorgeous coloring and artistic arrangement. If he were not Earl of Lorton in prospect, we might make a painter of him. What, pale still, Laura—and trembling, too! I wish I had not engaged these people. I thought——"

"You thought I had got over all my fancies; so I have, dear Harold. I am very silly; let us talk of something else. I should like to see that girl and speak to her, though."

"So you shall, whenever you like; perhaps that would be the best thing you can do. Then you will be sure of [illegible] e fireworks now; they are waiting [illegible] among themselves upon the [illegible] shion.
[illegible] daughter on the way, I'm [illegible]
"That's her."
[illegible]; 'twas a likeness of her he [illegible]
[illegible]trait, I tell you," said the girl [illegible]
[illegible]park.
[illegible]y alike, anyway," said the cook.
[illegible]likeness of my lady in the gal[illegible]for that girl."
[illegible]xclaimed Mattie, as the curtain [illegible]
"Look at what.
"She's got a red streak on her hand, the Lorton mark."
"Don't you be a fool," the cook replied. "No one has that but the heirs of Lorton; she's hurt her hand, likely, if there was a mark at all."
"There was, then; I've been looking at it all the time."
"Well, I'll have a good look when they are getting their supper," John said. "I've got to wait on 'em after the fireworks."
"There, they are beginning then; come along."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sporting Squibs.

— A parrot died recently in Durham, England, at the age of 75 years.

— A sportive sailor, "half-seas over," "went through" a large plate glass window of a Broadway store, the other evening. The glass cost, according to the daily papers, sums varying from $400 to $800. The sailor was "put in" before a new glass.

— Music and the Mayor of Savannah are not in accord, for the latter had a brass band arrested a few nights ago for serenading, this full stop giving them a long rest.

— A bricklayer, building a chimney on a house in Amity street, one day during the past week, laid the bricks with one hand and held an umbrella over him with the other.

— Coburn and McCoole, in their retirement, help to pass the time away in social games of seven-up and euchre.

— Thos. Mann, a young man of Somerset, Maine, had both his shoulders dislocated a few days since by falling on his hands while running for a base in a game of base ball.

— A seal of the sea dog species was shot in Cocheco river, at Dover, N. H., on the 25th ult., by Capt. Wm. Drew. It weighed 134 lbs and yielded four gallons of oil. The Captain Drew a prize in his seal for the capture of the seal.

— Saratoga is already raising its crowd of Sarahs with their togas and others.

— A flying machine is being constructed by a Louisvillean, we understand, whereby a 150 lbs. weight can fly 20 miles an hour. A crooked flue it'll be, we guess.

— Seventeen days is said to be the quickest time on record from San Francisco to Washington.

— The Mormons of Salt Lake City are at war with the grasshoppers, it is reported, but the grass widows are all in favor, no doubt.

— A juvenile feminine has been arrested in Indiana for horse stealing.

— A steamboat race is one of the features proposed for a Fourth of July celebration in Detroit, Mich.

— A man in Peoria, Ill., recently ate six dozen eggs in a single day on a wager.

— A club called the Union is to be founded in Berlin for the purpose of developing horse racing in Germany. A number of ladies have joined the club.

— The Olympic Club, of San Francisco, Cal., have purchased, at a cost of $35,000, a lot of ground on the corner of Mission and Anthony streets, whereon they intend erecting a gymnasium and club house.

— A man named Green, who was struck on the head a few weeks ago at the Point Breeze Trotting Park, Philadelphia, died in that city on the 6th.

— The Good Intent Engine Company, of Philadelphia, spent the past week by making a trip to Bridgeport, Conn., taking in New York on their return. They were welcomed home by a night procession on the 6th.

— A forty pound codfish, caught at Little Harbor, Mass., had in his stomach thirty alewives, two smelts and a blue-black, all fit for the table.

— After a recent shower in Pana, Ill., several fish from one to four inches in length, were picked up in the streets alive.

— New York city has 179 miles of horse railroads.

— The yachtsmen of New York and Paris propose to have a race to see the Bulls at Cowes, we believe.

— Bull-baiting is to take place in Havre during the coming Marine Exhibition, several celebrated *toreros* having been engaged to assist.

— Five young ladies of Galena, Ill., recently sawed a cord of wood, on a wager, and won thereby $110, which would imply that sawing is more profitable than sewing.

— The Americus Club will open their club house and pleasure grounds at Indian Point, Greenwich, Conn., on the 1st of July.

— Newfoundland advices state that in ten weeks 450,000 seals were landed, valued at $1,000,000.

— A monster cannon, presented by the Sultan to Queen Victoria, is at Woolwich. The balls are of granite and weigh 650 pounds each.

— The Harmony Active Association (firemen of Philadelphia) have purchased a steam pleasure yacht and will make a trial trip in her on the 4th of July.

— The Americus Club are to commence their summer solstice at Indian Point, Greenwich, Ct., on July 1st.

— Two duelists, Col. Reed and Major Porter, have been arrested at Richmond, Va. Why don't they give 'em 40 days imprisonment *a la* McCoole and Coburn?

— Free public baths were opened in Boston last week. New York wants a few. Let's have 'em.

A TROUBLESOME FISH.—At Closter City, Bergen County, N. J., on the 30th ult., a large fish, which at first was supposed to be a shark, was discovered below the dam at Collignons Mills. The mills were stopped and all hands turned out to capture the monster of the deep with hay forks, crow bars and similar rural weapons, but the wily fish escaped them. He reappeared, however, on the 31st and after a desperate and sanguinary conflict, was captured, when it turned out to be a sturgeon 6 feet 6 inches in length and weighing 120 pounds. It is considered the most remarkable event in the history of that section, as the mills were situated seven miles above tide water, and the fish had three large dams to get over.

SKITTLE MATCH FOR A LEG OF MUTTON AND A PONY.—Another game was played on Tuesday evening, June 2d, at the Excelsior Court, West Forty-first street, by Messrs. Franks and King, for a sheep's "limb" and trimmings and $25 legal tender. The game was very exciting throughout. King was the favorite at the start, making a couple of "floorers" in succession, which rather astonished Franks and his friends; but after awhile he also made two floorers, getting the lead and keeping it up to the conclusion, the score standing—Franks, 77; King, 5. Jem Franks took his departure for "bleeding Kansas" last Monday evening.

AN ANCIENT BELL.—Messrs. Jones & Co. have on exhibition at their foundry in Troy, N. Y., an old bell which is nearly 100 years old, and is a curiosity worth seeing. It was cast in Gottenburg, Germany, in 1786, and is covered with many ancient figures of angels, crowns, &c. It was taken from the tower of the Second Congregational Church, of Newport, R. I., and replaced by a new one.

ANCIENT JEWELRY.—Among the antiquities contained in the Museum of the New York Historical Society are the gold necklace and ear-rings bearing the name of Menes, the first Pharaoh of Egypt, the gold signet ring of Cheops, and the iron helmet and breast plate of Shishak, who conquered Rehoboam.

A SPINNING wheel made in the year 1768, and in good preservation, was recently sold in Lancaster, Pa., for 1.5 cents.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

FAIRFIELD, Iowa.—1. Take common cork, and after saturating it with alcohol or other spirits in a vessel, set fire to it and when it is burned so that it will powder you can apply it to the face with water. It is easily removed with soap and water. 2. It means the leading singer. 3. By a few he is considered a fair tragedian. 4. You can procure it by writing to F. C. Wemyss, No. 3, Astor Place, this city. 5. It is pronounced as if spelled Madam—o—sell.

CHARLIE, Memphis.—"Three horses enter for a race, mile heats; viz: Bay filly, Elgin and Wisenhunt. A bets B that Elgin will beat Wisenhunt. The race is run and won by the filly in two straight heats. On the first heat Elgin came in second; on the second heat Wisenhunt came in second. Which beat, Elgin or Wisenhunt; or is the bet a draw?".....B wins, as the position of two horses in a race when neither wins a heat is determined by their places in the last heat.

W. H. B., Philadelphia.—1. Hooley's Minstrels have the reputation of giving a first class show. 2. In some respects they have a better company. 3. Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 20th, 1829. 4. From $40 to $100 a week.

OLD BOY SLIMP, Albany, N. Y.—1. O'Baldwin never fought Wormald. He appeared in the ring three times, with Andrew Marsden (twice) and George Isler. He was matched with Mace and Wormald. 2. There is none.

FONDULIE.—"A and B are confined in the State Prison for five years. A. kills B. Can A be taken and tried for murder, and if found guilty be hung before the five years' sentence expires?"..... Certainly, he can.

K., Milwaukee.—Mr. Wemyss informs us that he has received two dollars from you, and he will send the *Cartes de Visite* as soon as they can be obtained. Some of those you want cannot be had at any price.

FORREST, Louisville.—1. Find some good elocutionist first and then secure the services of a good reliable actor. 2. About $30. 3. To appear at any and all times and in whatever piece he is cast.

JAPANESE.—1. Yes, that is very good time, but we question very much whether you could make the speculation pay. If there was anybody to run against him you might. 2. Waters, Troy, N. Y. 3. Thanks for items and well wishes.

PIERCE.—1. If you send a letter to the care of T. H. Lacy, 89 Strand, London, England, it will reach Stirling Coyne. 2. He was the baritone, Bernard was interlocutor.

A SANDY SCOTCHMAN, Louisville, Ky.—A deposit is necessary to ensure attention to your challenge; otherwise we cannot insert it.

BLACK ROCK.—If the number of battles was nine, the party winning five would be entitled to the amount at issue on the odd.

T. M. L., Charlestown, Mass.—Obliged for attention. The time made by the Wards in their race with the St. John crew last year was 39:28 for the six miles.

J. C. G., Atlanta, Ga.—The report alluded to did not connect. We should always be pleased to receive items of interest from any quarter.

LIGHTNING, New Albany, Ind.—1. There are no established rules in this country. 2. You can obtain them for from $100 to $150.

No. 913, Pittsburgh, Pa.—You don't state at what game, and your question is not plainly put, so please repeat it in a more intelligible shape.

CHARLEY, Pittsburgh, Pa.—A should have taken his two points when he made them, or before playing again. As he neglected to do so he was not entitled to them.

SPORT, Cleveland, O.—1. Remit twenty-five cents to this office and we will forward a copy of the rules. 2. Cannot say, will have to await further developments.

ED. E. F., Detroit.—He is still in the business, at 17 West Houston street, this city. A letter sent to this office will reach Sig. Constantine.

H. G. H., Helena, Montana.—Queen Victoria has four sons, viz.:—Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold.

READER, St. Louis.—Write to C. H. Hawkins, 118 East Thirteenth street, this city, who can furnish you with what you require.

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana.—1. No. 2. McCool fought and defeated Bill Davis and Aaron Jones since he was defeated by Coburn in '63.

SPORTSMAN, Washington.—The party you mention ranks very high in his business, and his work is considered equal to that of any London maker.

R. D. W., Athens, N. Y.—The comparative wealth of men is a difficult question to answer. W. B. Astor is usually considered the wealthiest, however.

J. J. D., WESTFIELD.—You win the bet. It is immaterial that some of the horses did not start, for when one horse is taken against the field, the field is what starts against him.

J. C. C.—The sentiment is good, but the lines are loosely put together.

CORRESPONDENT, Baltimore.—The sketch was not published as original; it first appeared in a Philadelphia paper.

J. M. R., Vicksburg, Miss.—They were to have fought for $5,000 a side, but they didn't.

G. B. C., Providence, R. I.—It is not in book form, neither have we all the papers containing it to spare.

M. M. N., Plattsburgh.—Watch our circus summary each week and you will learn their whereabouts.

TRIX.—Not being tricksters we know nothing of such trickery biz.

ECKFORD.—Flora Temple's fastest mile time to wagon was 2:25; Dexter's 2:24

P. A. CARBONDALE, Pa.—Write to some billiard table manufacturer.

W. C. S., Whitehaven.—Ethan Allen's fastest time with running mate was 2:15.

HOOP LA, Fond du Lac.—You will find among our miscellaneous advertisements the address of parties who sell them.

MARINE, Washington, D. C.—There is no recognised champion.

EUCHRE.—C couldn't go alone against D. If he euchred him he is entitled to two points only.

C. A. B., Norwich, N. Y.—Your items, if of general interest, will be acceptable.

S. L. K., Syracuse.—Reports of such matters will receive due attention.

ALTOL, Cincinnati.—If she does not sail for England soon she will play at Wallack's.

BOSTON MANAGER.—He is at present in this city. A letter to our care will reach him.

ALBONI.—1. We know a great many who use it without injuring them. 2. We know nothing about them.

REX, Worcester, Mass.—Thanks for items; will be pleased to hear from you at any time.

DAVIS, Washington, D. C.—Mr. Phelan does not remember ever having attempted such a foolish *feie* with his feet.

C. C. B., Maysfield, Wis.—One dollar each insertion. Three months (13 times) $11.

A CONSTANT READER, Nevada, Col. Ter.—Coburn defeated McCoole at Charlestown, Md., May 5, 1863.

R. S. J., Auburn.—We have not the numbers you apply for.

J. W. W., Johnstown.—He is not the party you refer to.

T. M., Brookline, Mass.—See answer to D. W. MORRISTOWN.—Dexter is a gelding; his best time is 2:17¼.

O. E. B.—We know nothing of the stallion Denmark.

READER, Alison, Ohio.—The umpire was wrong.

MR. W. F., Baltimore.—1. Yes. 2 Yes.

OLYMPIC, Macon, Ga.—1. Yes. 2. No.

CONTORTIONIST.—Only by practice.

J. F., Philadelphia.—You forgot to send the rhyme.

PRINCE STREET, Boston, Mass.—The *Ledger*.

BEE BEE TEE.—B and C win the bet.

H. L. W.—Respectfully declined.

J. T., Philadelphia.—The lines are by no means good.

SENECA FALLS.—No

MINETTA.—Call at this office.

NATURE PUTS ON HER REGALIA.

LIFE in New York begins once more to be visible in its brightest and most attractive colors, and the prospect now is that if virtuous legislators do not pronounce the taking to the fields unlawful, and no restrictions are placed upon shooting, angling, cricketing, base ball, racing and other amusements, we shall have a glorious season. It is time, for a protracted spring and heavy rains have sadly interfered with the doings of sportsmen, and hosts of rural and sea-side taverns were growing thin from want of custom, and heart-sick with hope deferred. There is no lack of resorts, New York being greatly favored in this particular, although Hoboken has been so sadly shorn of its glories, and there is now no actual attraction short of Fort Lee and the Highlands, or the sea beach. There are neat little places in the vicinity of Weehawken, where tired souls may shake off city cares and ruralize, and even the shores of Manhattan still boast their quiet nooks and shady retreats, which Germans love and roadsters choose to patronise. There will be lively times at the Jerome Park and other accessible courses. Sportsmen fond of reverie will seek the northwestern forests of the State, with improved facilities, and the Adirondack glens will give back the sound of many a rifle. The waters of Lake George and fair Mahopac, where are excellent hotels, will be fully explored for trout and pickerel by hundreds of amateurs, the whirr of the fisherman's reel will be heard on the brooks, and more daring "sports" will troll the waters of the "Gate" and those of Long Island for sheepshead, bass and tautog, black fish and blue. Clam chowder will suffer some at Coney Island and thereaway. Long Branch and Newport will swarm with visitors, and "hops" will be all the go at divers places from Catskill to Saratoga. Those who cannot afford such luxuries, will revel in Central Park with accustomed gusto. The youth who unto base ball devote themselves, will strive for the mastery, and feel all the better for the effort, and the soul will be led to loftier flights in the aisles of nature's gorgeous cathedral, where sermons are preached more effective to the appreciative sense than all the labored discourses of college bred divines. Shakespeare well understood whereof he wrote when he put in the mouth of one of his characters that memorable expression concerning

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

CORRECTION.—Owing to no "fault of the compositor," no "oversight on the part of the proof reader," but solely to editorial error, we stated in last week's CLIPPER, in an article on the McCoole and Coburn match, that the prize fight between Heenan and Sayers was for $10,000, which was a decided mistake, as the stake money contended for in that encounter was but $2,000, although the event created as great an excitement as any combat in the annals of the Prize Ring. We make the correction in order that those of our readers who are not posted in such matters shall not be led astray by a mistake, which, it is a well ascertained fact, "may occur in the best of families."

GREAT FUTURE.—A London paper expresses the opinion that a great future is open to Egypt provided the Viceroy abolish the slave trade in Upper Egypt and Nubia, and raise the social standard of the miserable *Fellahs*. There are many miserable *fellers* in this city that a little of that kind of attention would not be thrown away upon.

A REGULAR MAN-EATER.

How Verdant Youth, Trusting to "Matrimonials," are Taken in and Done For in New York City.

The facilities for obtaining divorces extended by some of the western states to the infelicitously married, coming from any source of compunction imaginable, has long been a source of condemnation by the local courts of this city, called upon to define the legal *status* of parties, who have been formally united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and who find themselves suddenly unmated by the decree of some western court, frequently without the knowledge of the party most interested in the perpetuation of the relation so solemnly entered upon.

A case, which will be shortly brought before our tribunals for adjudication, reveals the fact that there exists in our midst a class of females, young, fair, gifted and of creditable social position, seemingly afflicted with a matrimonial mania, who can number their husbands by scores, though having disposed of the immediate predecessor of their present helpmate through the happy intervention of the divorce laws of that highly moral and anti-ring State, Indiana. When the full facts of this interesting trial come to be published we shall be undoubtedly enlightened as to details in the *modus operandi* of catching a husband, and then sending him adrift at short notice. Beside putting young bachelors and festively inclined widowers on their guard against bewitching widows who patronise the sex extensively and indiscriminately, it will awaken attention to the fallacy of cultivating marital relations with ladies whose acquaintance has been made through an answer to matrimonial advertisements.

The suicide of Henry William Herbert, well known to the literary and sporting world as "Frank Forrester," is a melancholy instance of the evil consequences of an unjudicious alliance with one of those heartless, fascinating and unprincipled women, who appear slaves to a marrying passion, monomaniacs, we should say, upon the subject of marriage, changing husbands with an emotion similar to that accompanying the discarding of a faded dress.

That able and talented gentleman was tempted to respond to an advertisement under the matrimonial head in the *Herald*, ingeniously concocted and apparently issued in full sincerity. His correspondent proved to be a lady of personal attractraction, of excellent lineage and more than ordinary education. After years of privation, of solitude and of widowerhood, Herbert could only regard the advent of this fascinating female to his notice as that of an angel sent from the celestial sphere to console the worldly sorrows of a man who was wont to esteem himself the most unfortunate of his race. Trusting to her representations, and thoroughly enchanted, acting stubbornly and impetuously and without consultation with his friends, this man, although of mature years and remarkable for the general soundness of his judgment on ordinary topics, succumbed to the wiles of a callous hearted, intriguing coquette, who, it appeared, desired merely to borrow, for the moment, a portion of that reputation naturally attaching to her victim by reason of his noble descent and literary performances. In a fatal hour Herbert led his enchantress to the altar. A short interval of happiness, for him at least, followed their union, when suddenly, upon some flimsy pretext, the newly made bride departed from the house of her husband, and failed to return. Evil reports as to her prior proceedings, of her having been, despite her youthful years, the divorced wife of a couple of living husbands, reached the patient author, who turned a deaf ear to all these sinister insinuations, and, believing in the honesty of her professions, denounced them as the invention of envious malice.

The end of the honeymoon, so ominously interrupted, arrived and in lieu of receiving a kind word or an apologetic line from the object of his adoration, Herbert was served with a notice published in some Indiana newspaper, of his bride's intention to apply for a divorce. The heart of a naturally sanguine man palsied; dread of ridicule and thought of scandal attaching to a name, illustrious in British genealogy, broken pride, as well as betrayed affection, settled the determination of the desolate and deserted author. Thinking to avoid the publicity and disgrace attendant upon litigation, Herbert, of his own act, granted the divorce craved for by his betrayer, but at the sacrifice of his own life.

The case, to which we alluded in the first instance, possesses almost coincident features with that of Herbert's, but with, let us fervently hope, a less tragical termination. Some month or so back the bookkeeper of a well known wine dealer in Broadway notified his employer of his intention to vacate his post. As the merchant had previously treated the young man—who, by the way, is an Englishman of handsome personal appearance and more than ordinary intelligence—with more than customary kindness, he was perplexed at this most sudden determination on the part of his actuary, well aware that he was a comparative stranger in this country and wholly dependent upon his salary for his means of living. The young man, who has not as yet reached his twentieth birthday, explained the seeming mystery by frankly avowing that he had made the acquaintance of a wealthy widow by some singular accident, and had interchanged with her promises of eternal love and fidelity. In a word, that he was about to be married, and that his intended bride had exacted a promise that, upon the strength of her personal resources, he, for the future, should flourish a perfect gentleman, condemned to imitate the non-industrial example of the lilies of Solomon.

Enquiries showed that in the main the story of the young bookkeeper proved true. He had, although a stranger and living upon a not over large salary, by some singular accident, to wit: a matrimonial advertisement, made the acquaintance of a captivating, well-featured lady of dashing exterior and decidedly fast proclivities, tarrying at an up-town hotel, where she flourished in the unrestrained enjoyment of all those attributes to a civilized course of living ordinarily indulged in by the happy possessor of greenbacks *ad libitum*. The lady, some five or six years the senior of our hero, was, as she informed him, a stranger in the city, coming, as she did, from a palatial abode somewhere in the Hub of the Universe, at which locality she had the good fortune to have previously united her destinies with two bipeds of the male gender, both immensely rich, but against whose thraldom she had been compelled to invoke the protective ægis of the law. In other words, she candidly admitted the possession of two husbands, from both of whom she had been previously divorced, and was now free to seek the real ideal copartner for life, which her ardent hope had oftentimes prompted as being in store for her. Thus advised, Adonis protested poverty as a barrier against their union, but Venus, having found her affinity, would listen to no such trivial impediments between her and bliss eternal. She was rich enough, not for two alone, but for four score, and in testimony of her assertion she offered to her lover thousands in 7-30's, or other government securities, priceless jewels and other lovepledges which he, infatuated yet honorable man, declined, fearing least the lady might dream that his love was tinctured with the slightest taint of mercenary motive.

Finally the young man, after resigning his situation, yielded to the syren's solicitations, and sacrificed himself upon the hymeneal altar, having packed up all his worldly wealth, which resembled in compass the extent of the Hon. Mr. Dowlas' baggage, into a modest portmanteau, which was duly translated to companionship among the widow's capacious trunks at her hotel residence. The marriage ceremony was performed privately, in deference to the youthful bridegroom's scruples, but by a minister of metropolitan reputation. The knot tied, the honeymoon was inaugurated by a round of domestic festivities at which the newly made Benedict was implored to present his intimate friends, and who were presented, among them his brother, a huge, burly framed, thick-headed youth, even of younger years than the groom, a festive boy, seeming to enjoy things amazingly.

Love's young dream is not eternal, and so found our bookkeeper, who, discovering his better half a little prone to transfer that adoration due to Venus, to the shrine of Bacchus, ventured a loving rebuke, which, exciting the indignation of the fair one, brought on a scene terminating in the temporary disappearance of our hero, in company with a policeman, charged with commission of an assault. Released upon bail, the husband returned to the hotel to implore forgiveness from his affinity, but that article was nowhere to be found, having concluded to migrate elsewhere, leaving her baggage behind, but taking with her a substitute for her husband in the person of his brother. The reason for the non-removal of the lady's personal chattels became apparent, for they, together with our hero's portmanteau, had been stopped by the hotel keeper for a board bill of prodigious dimensions. The book-keeper justly stands appalled at woman's perfidy. He has lost his situation, his wardrobe, his wife and his brother, and the only articles he can show for compensation are a board bill and a citation to appear as defendant in an action for divorce.

THE CUE FOR MUSIC.

What a music loving people we are, to be sure. It seems as though we could never get enough of it, and the passion is equally shared by all classes. Even on the streets you will hear the delightful strains of Offenbach whistled or hummed by the *lazzaroni* who infest the corners, and children sing it as glibly. We have every imaginable device for the production of ravishing sounds, from the crash of dozens of orchestras and the parlor piano of private life, to the harp, the flute, the fiddle, the barrel organ and brazen instruments in the streets. One of the most common sights in our daily walk is a harpist, who looks like a representative of the lower strata, and yet has a soul for music and evidently a musical education of some sort. Men drink their lager and smoke their cigars to the notes of inspiriting music. No church is considered worth attending that has not a twenty thousand dollar organ and a score of professional singers. There are societies numbering hundreds of members, which give philharmonic entertainments of the most elevated character, all the gratuitous work of amateurs. We dance and sing to music, we eat and drink and push the cue to music, and now-a-days most men are buried to music, too. Private Mumps, of the Simkins Blues, and P. M. W. G. R. D. S., of the Independent Order of Perfect Bricks, are fifed and drummed and cymbaled alike into their graves; and Biffles, the green grocer, who used to turn pale at the discharge of a fire-cracker, and died not worth a "continental," is escorted to the tomb by an imposing civil and military procession, headed by a band, and a salute is fired over his remains. Little Strings, the bandy-legged tailor, unexpectedly pegs out, and martial music follows to the last rest the corpse of one who hate! music, and whom the sound of a fife or drum would drive into a fit of asphyxia. If we are *not* a musical people, we'd like to know where you will find them.

A BRIEF EPITOME OF HOTEL LIFE.

THE infatuated man who goes into a hotel in New York with the idea that everything is "plain sailing," and that, in return for his three or four dollars a day, every luxury is to be his, with all the comforts of a home, is very likely to be disappointed. Mr. Verdant Green arrives in New York, let us say from Marcy's Farm, or Tilletudlum or anywhere else you like, so that it is in the "rural districts." Being plentifully supplied with the one thing needful which assists the female equine to pedestrianate, he steers for the Brobdignag Hotel, where, having safely passed the ordeal of the piers, he arrives in safety, although winking slightly at a charge of five dollars levied by the driver of the vehicle which has carried him, and which he supposed to belong to the establishment and therefore to be free. His baggage is tumbled into the baggage-room with reckless haste, smashing a couple of bottles of raspberry wine, which he has placed there for safe keeping, and by that means not greatly improving the quality of his shirts, as he subsequently discovers. Pays half a dollar for his trunk cheeks, having been told that that is the best way to avoid any trouble. Is assailed in the lobby by a deputation from the bootblack brigade, who deafen him with appeals to "black 'em, sir! shine 'em!" Pays ten cents, and finally succeeds in arresting the attention of the clerk, whom he mistakes for the proprietor. A remark concerning the weather elicits the reply —"You needn't have come all the way here to tell me that!" Apologises, and explains with some trepidation that he is in want of a room. Clerk says house is full (looking at his country buttermuts) but will see what he can do for him. Asks to deposit money; is graciously permitted to do so on payment of one per cent for "safe keeping," and five per cent "primage." The "primage" bothers him, but he ascends to his room after climbing stairs enough to take him to the top of Trinity steeple, and being conducted through a labyrinth of passages. Finds room on top story, a small hole about six feet square, lavishly furnished with a creaking bed, a chair, a looking glass, which gives his head the appearance of a wilted cauliflower, a square block of hard soap which shoots out of his hand across the apartment immediately on being wet, a washstand, pitcher and basin. Rings bell for towel. Primes himself from a bottle (they don't sell less than a bottle) of cognac, receives wine card from waiter, pays him a quarter and turns in, brooding over "primage." Can't sleep for thinking what would become of him if the Brobdignag Hotel should take fire, and he about two hundred feet from the pavement. Perpetual slamming of doors and turning of keys. Bells jingling all the time. Sounding of a whistle every five minutes which reminds him of Punch and Judy. Loud footsteps at intervals on brass staircase of porters carrying trunks. Music. A band of one hundred performers on pavement, serenading public functionaries. Speech, and more music. Three o'clock A. M.,—a row in the street—alarm raps of police, and cries of murder. Five o'clock—a terrible roaring noise resounds through the corridor, at which Mr. Green springs out of bed in dismay. Porter charges a quarter for telling him it's "only the gong." Perpetual sounding of gongs and whistles for three mortal hours. Great racket of chambermaids scrubbing oil cloths and going about their work. Rattle and roar of omnibusses without intermission. Studies card of rules and regulations tacked to his door. Learns that he is not to smoke, nor burn the gas more than five minutes, nor ask questions of the waiters, etc., etc. Games of cards strictly prohibited. After dressing descends to breakfast, but loses his way and finds it only by paying twenty-five cents to a porter. Plenty of crockery, silver and napkins on the table. Mutton chop the size of your thumb, quail ditto, scup only hot water and pepper, fish tom cod, shrimps, grapes, oranges, thimbles of coffee, pudding of unknown ingredients, wine card. Attentive, but stuck up waiter flaps napkin about his shoulders and receives twenty-five cents with disdain. Mr. Green retreats to reading room with feelings of oppression at so much grandeur and dignity, and very hungry. Reading of morning papers interrupted by forty small peddlars and twenty beggars. After dinner sets out to find room number 2001; makes out to do after knocking at one hundred doors and being sworn at by occupants. On gaining room finds his trunk broken open and nearly all the contents abstracted. Learns from gentlemanly clerk that hotel is not responsible. Lies down to rest. Knock at the door every five minutes. Same routine every day for one fortnight, when Mr. Verdant Green defrays a bill of enormous proportions, and returns in disconsolate mood to the rural districts.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE A LA JENKINS.

Several of the local papers are continually reminding their readers of fashionable balls and other proceedings, in which the upper crust take part. Our Jenkins has fairly awakened, and sends us the following paragraphic information, done up in his usual inimitable style:—Mr. August Belmont, having fallen heir to the property of one of the Rothschilds, appeared in Centra Park, last Friday, in a splendid jaunting car, purchased by him, from a leading sport of Dublin.....Mrs. Cerulean Blue made her appearance at the last Jerome Park races, where she pocketed plenty of mopuses.....James Gordon Bennett, Jr., has taken a wife from the *corps de ballet* at Niblo's, and has volunteered to dance the German shortly for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund.....M'lle Adelina Patti has married the American Minister in Paris, and has become a communicant.....A disagreement took place at the Gold Room a few days since, between some ladies, which resulted in a general knock down. After the battle the floor was strewn with waterfalls, chignons, false calves and teeth, parasols and jewelry.....The new bonnet is styled the *Ventilateur*. It is modeled after an improved chimney pot, with a revolving top and a weather-vane, being useful as well as ornamental.....Communipaw is to be the fashionable summer resort.....The wife of Reverend Florimond Paphos led the German last night at the Jardin Mabille. She dances the *cancan fleuri* extremely well .....A magnificent gold repeater and a check for $50,000 was presented to Mr. Tetedeveare, the *cuisinier*, last week, by William B. Astor, as an acknowledgment of the pleasure afforded by a *pate* which he had made for him.....Uncle Freddy Norton is to take a seat in the cabinet. His Washington costume he will present to the successful Presidential candidate..... Mrs. Gay de Canta gave a grand ball at her residence on Saturday night. The lady was dressed in a *pouffre mouche* of rose-colored *tafeta, pelerine a la Maintenon*, white satin What-ho, embroidered with *jupes and fichus*, head-dress *a la pate de foie gras*, skirt *a la* Marie Antoinette, trimmed with legurves, pearl necklace and boxing-gloves (the latest sweet thing out).

APPROPRIATE EPITAPHS.

ON A BOARDING HOUSE KEEPER.—Peace to her (h)ashes.
ON A LIAR.— He *lies* not here, his spirits' fled.
He cannot *lie*, because he's dead.
ON AN ACCOUNTANT.— Gone to his last *account*.
ON A COBBLER.— He spent his all (*awl*); he lived too fast.
And at death's call he breathed his *last*.
ON A BEERSELLER.— In life he measured out his *beer*.
And now he measures his length here.
ON A PRIZE FIGHTER.—"Called to time" by death.
ON A GROCER.— Of all who here lie underground,
Than him no better could be found,
Yet he was a *grosser* man,
Unsolve the mystery, if you can.
ON A FISHMONGER.— No longer in good fish he deals.
For death has got him by his (h)eels.
ON A FIDDLER.— Death has got him out of many a *scrape*.
ON A PRINTER.— He locked up forms while he had breath.
And now he's *locked* in th' arms of death.
ON AN EDITOR.— He who lies in this small space,
Was good, for he did right (write) always

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—The following curious advertisement recently appeared in one of the daily papers:—

WANTED, four live men to take hold of an indispensible farming utensil, and sell the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Ohio. Can make $1,000 with $100 in a few days. Apply at ——

Now what does it all mean? The advertiser is shrewd, no doubt; he wants *live* men to do this little job. But we should like to know by what authority the individual offers to sell the States named? After remaining true to the Union during the war it is rather too bad that they should be disposed of so unceremoniously. It looks like another plot to divide the Union. Another suspicious feature of this strange advertisement is the making of $1,000 out of $100. This can only be done by taking a $100 bill, and adding another cypher to it, but is not such a money-making scheme an attempt to defraud the government? Let the detectives be put on the track of the utensil and its advertiser.

FOURTH OF JULY IN NEW YORK.—The coming anniversary of our National independence promises to be celebrated with unusual spirit in this city, for in addition to the local features of the days' programme, the great Democratic Convention—to nominate a Presidental candidate—is to assemble here, and assist in the inangural ceremonies of the new Tammany Hall. This will have the effect to crowd the metropolis with visitors from every section of the country. Bonfires, illuminations, firing of cannon, popping of crackers, etc., will make this noisy city "on times more brilliant and noisy than ever.

MUCH DEVELOPMENT.—The papers are greatly exercised over a little German girl, in Cincinnati, who though not three years old, has the physical and mental development of a girl of fifteen. The case excites great interest among the medical faculty. That is, the medical *faculty* is exercised about the extraordinary *faculties* of the child.

IN LUCK.—Mrs. Juniper, our boarding house keeper, says that one of her most uncheerfulest boarders has been left executioner of his uncle's estate; that he has just put the deceased relative's will on probation; and that $50,000 has been left to build a home for indignant widows. Mrs. J. seems to know more about the ingredients of hash than of dictionaries.

ABOUT OYSTERS.—There are four months in the year in which oysters are supposed to be ignored, the months being those which are spelled without an r. Could we not reduce the time one month by spelling August in this wise, viz:—Augurst or Orgust?

☞ WE NOTICE that our contemporaries are copying extensively from our columns, to which we have no objection, providing the proper credit and acknowledgment of the source of their selections be given. This is, in many cases, honorably and fairly done but as a custom, we are sorry to say, it is "more honored in the breach than in the observance." A recent and noticeable example is the publishing in *Harper's Bazar*, issue June 13th, of a poem originally printed in the CLIPPER a few weeks since, entitled "Love's Archery," and written by our contributor, J.

BASE BALL.

THE WESTERN TOUR OF THE ATHLETICS.

FULL PARTICULARS OF THEIR MATCHES.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The celebrated Athletic club, of Philadelphia, started upon their long-contemplated tour through the principal cities of the West on Saturday, 30th ult., arriving in the Smoky City (where they had arranged to play their opening game) the following morning. They were met at the depot by a delegation from several of the clubs in that sooty locality, and escorted to one of the leading hotels, where quarters had been provided for them during their sojourn. After refreshing themselves by an ablution, removing the dust of travel from their garments and attending to the wants of the inner man, both edible and bibulous, the Quakerites visited some of the places of interest in and around that burgh, and managed to pass the time very pleasantly until the afternoon of the following day, when they were escorted to the ground upon which was to be decided their first game with the Olympic club of Pittsburgh. The citizens of that section are noted for their devotion to legitimate amusements, and the favor with which they look upon the national game was amply demonstrated by the large attendance to witness this important contest, the fairer portion of humanity forming a large portion of the gathering, and by their presence and approving smiles adding to the zest of the players, the beauty of the scene and the interest of the game. Before proceeding with a description of the engagement we would state, for the benefit and information of those clubs which intend following the example of the Athletics in taking a jaunt westward, that they must go fully prepared to play their very best men, as the west boasts of some really tip-top ball tossers. They have been preparing quietly for years, top ball tossers. They have been preparing quietly for years, and have developed some proficient experts. The Athletics had not visited this section of the country since 1865, when they were there with a greatly inferior nine to the spanking team that now supports Dick's swifts, and having had rather a "soft" thing of it, they calculated this time upon repeating their former experiment, but they "woke up" to the fact that the Pittsburgh players had learned "a thing or two," and that it is necessary to play all the "points" of the game to ensure victory.

The Olympic, a rising young giant, which is destined, if its members will continue to practice carefully, and profit by experience, to make its mark in the ball world, has several players that would do honor in their several positions in any of our crack organizations. They were of course timid in opening play with a club so renowned as the Athletics, but after they had recovered from their nervousness and got "warmed up" to their work they played like veterans, as their success in whitewashing the Athletics in two innings will demonstrate. The game was played on the grounds now used by both the Allegheny and Olympic Clubs, and which, in winter times, serves the purpose of a skating park. It is a little rough as to "boss" ground for the ball, but this evil it is the intention of the clubs to remedy by sodding and otherwise improving it.

Game was called a few minutes before three o'clock P. M., the Athletics picking up the willow. Reach, the first striker, cracked one or two fouls by way of experiment, and then drove the ball towards Riddle at second, who should have taken it, but as he did not, Al. secured his first. Dick, who followed, gave Titus a chance also, but he did not embrace it, and Dick made his first. In the interim Reach had stolen to third, and on Dick's hit made home. Radcliff secured his first easily, and Wilkins, who came after him, trotted McBride home and Radcliff to third, who eventually stole home, Wilkins winning second on his crack. The next striker was Kahmar, who was playing in place of Fisler, who refrained, for satisfactory reasons, from engaging in this contest. Kahmar hit a fly that Riddle took nicely, and Kahmar retired. Berry made a hit that only "the skin of his teeth," and had to content himself upon the excellence of his pedals in an extremity, Wilkins getting home. Cuthbert struck a foul, which Titus nabbed, but as the umpire did not see him take it he declared Cuthy "not out." It did not serve him, though, as Riddle afterwards fielded him out at first. Sensenderfer secured first on a hit to centre, and stole to second. Schafer made his first on a ball he drove to right field. Al. Reach gave both permission to go home, he making third and stealing home, McBride having the third unfinished out by Lamont. The innings closed for a score of eight for the Athletics. Chambers, who picked up the cudgel to do battle for the Olympics, waited until he got a ball to suit, when he let drive and made his first on a hit to right field. Titus sent a very pretty one to centre, which gave him his base. This rather surprised the spectators, who thought it impossible to hit Dick, but notwithstanding the latter's reputation for swift delivery, the Olympic boys exhibited very little nervousness in the presence of the great Athletic nine, and in the two first strikers smiled at their success, but it would be as well to state here that Dick has hardly recovered from his recent illness and did not pile them in as swiftly as he's wont when in condition. Riddle popped a fly that Reach took charge of, and Hilliards was fielded out at first by a throw of Wilkins to Schaffer. D. Loomis was more fortunate, securing his base and with the two first strikes scoring, assisted by Lamont, who got as far as third, where he was left, through Sullivan giving Berry the opportunity to put the ball to first in time to make exertion on his part unnecessary. The Olympics had reason to feel proud over their success in scoring three at their first attempt at the bat.

The second innings saw Radcliff at the bat, who made his first through D. Loomis missing a fly he sent him. Radcli f stole his second and got his third and home on passed balls. Wilkins, by a low ball to centre, secured his first, then he stole to second, and came home on Kahmar's bat. Up to this stage of the game as if the Athletics intended running up a big score, but we will not anticipate. Berry was brought to grief through a ball planted at first by Lamont; Cuthbert, Sensenderfer and Schaffer each second, and the cry was "hands all around." Reach again gave Riddle an opportunity, which the latter embraced, and Reach was halted at first. McBride made his first on an overthrow of Titus, and Radcliff sent a beauty to left field, which landed Dick at third. Wilkins, by a low grounder towards centre, relieved McBride of the care of third, and permitted him to chalk, Sir Isaac securing his first, from which he stole to second. Radcliff, in endeavoring to steal home, was nabbed by Hilliards, and the Athletics retired on a score of seven. Euwer alone scored on the Olympic side, being given his first on called balls. S. Loomis napped a fly that Schaffer captured, Chambers hit a foul fly that Reach laid claim to, and Titus sent a hot one to Wilkins, who landed it safely at first. Euwer having previously scored, the Olympics were saved the mortification of winning a blank.

The third innings only resulted in Wilkins making a run, which Isaaac partly accomplished through his own exertions, and through assistance given him by Chambers. Kahmar was a victim of Riddle, who had the ball at first ere John got there. Berry was halted in the same manner by Lamont, and Cuthbert, who had secured his first and stole as far as third, was stopped while endeavoring to make home by Chambers and Hilliards. The Olympics also scored one. Hilliards making his first and last tally, as indeed it was the last score of the club. The three players, Riddle, D. Loomis, and Sullivan, were put out at first by Reach, Wilkins and Cuthbert, Lamont getting as far as third, where he was left.

The Athletics, in the fourth innings, were disposed of in one, two, three order; Berry falling a victim to D. Loomis on the fly, Schaffer going out at first by a ball fielded by Hilliards, and Reach on a foul bound by Chambers. It would be difficult to tell which were the most surprised, the Athletics or the Olympics. The latter players were of course joyful over their triumph, but they predicted that they would score no more runs, and they did not. Euwer, who essayed to do duty for the Athletics, made his first, from which he was forced by S. Loomis, who struck a fly that Schaffer captured, and upon which he retired both Euwer and Loomis. Chambers was taken on a fine bound by Radcliff, and so far as this innings was concerned, the Olympics were correct in their surmises concerning their inability to score further.

Strange to state the Athletics, on going to the bat in the fifth innings, were again retired for a blank score, the two first victims being McBride and Radcliff, who were handsomely taken on the fly by D. Loomis, at left field. Wilkins varied the performance by giving Riddle a chance, which he did not accept, and which gave Wilkins his first, but he only got to his second, as Kahmer hit a fly, which Sullivan appropriated, and the Athletics, amid the loud cheers of a pleasantly surprised multitude, gave way to their skillful young opponents. Titus, whose turn it was at the bat, found it impossible to hit Dick, who had his Butch up, and was delivering the ball after his former fashion. Riddle, who had made his first, was followed by Hilliards, who was fielded out at first by Wilkins. Riddle ran on D. Loomis' bat, which was declared a foul by the Umpire, and therefore he could recover his ground after the ball was at second, and again the Olympics retired on a blank score.

The Athletics managed to scratch one in the sixth innings, Cuthbert counting, assisted by Sensenderfer's bat. Previous to "Cuthy's" strike, Berry was retired on a fly by Riddle, Sensy creeping to third, where he was left through Schafer being nabbed at first by a throw of Riddle, and Reach falling a victim in the same manner at the hands of Hilliards. The latter led off on behalf of his comrades, and gave Wilkins a chance that Isaac did not feel warranted in accepting, upon which Hilliards took charge of first. D. Loomis sent a fly to Cuthy that the latter captured. Lamont hit to Wilkins, who was prepared, and had it at first in double quick. Sullivan was taken on the fly by Berry, and again the Olympics went out for a cypher.

McBride, who led at the bat in the seventh innings, was given his first on called balls, which Dick did not exactly like. Radcliff made his first on a fine hit to left field, on a foul that Chambers took on the bound, Kahmer repeating the experiment and Chambers taking charge of it. Berry was given his base on called balls and Cuthbert sent him home by a hit to left field, upon which he secured his third, McBride and Radcliff having previously jogged home. Cuthy ran in and made his tally, Sensy being third, barred out on a fly to Euwer. Sensy retaliated by making a handsome double play, taking Chambers on the fly and throwing the ball in time to Schafe to cut off Loomis, who had been dislodged by Chambers. Sensy had, previous to this, captured Euwer on a running fly, and "against" were the Olympics whitewashed.

In the eight's innings the Athletics were successful in making two runs, McBride and Radcliff counting, Dick barely making first, Lamont fielding the ball well there, but S. Loomis failing to hold it. Radcliff, by a good square hit to left, sent Dick from second, when he had stolen home, Radcliff jogging to second from which he stole to third and Wilkins sent him home. Sir Isaac managed by careful play to get as far as third, where he was left through Johnny Rahmer hitting to Lamont, who planted the ball at first and retired the side. The Olympics quickly followed suit. The first victim was Titus on a fly to Cuthbert, and a beautiful catch it was. Riddle struck a fly, which Reach took and retired Chambers, when the latter, having been successful at the bat in making his base, was cut off by this exploit of Al's.

It is unnecessary to particularise the ninth inning, except to say that the Athletics got into one of their batting humors and for a while it was again "all hands around" with a caution. The players, with the exception of McBride and Cuthbert, each scored two runs, Reach scoring a clean one to home. McBride was fielded out at first by Riddle, Cuthbert was taken on the fly by D. Loomis—a splendid fielder—and Sensenderfer was nabbed at first by a throw of Hilliard's, leaving Berry at third, and Cuthbert waiting at second. The Olympics were quickly dispatched for a blank. Riddle was taken on the bound by Radcliffe, and Reach retired both Hilliards and D. Loomis, the former on the fly and the latter by a throw to first, leaving Titus at third. Appended is the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	B.
Reach, 2d b	4	4	
McBride, p	3	5	
Radcliff, c	2	5	
Wilkins, s s	1	5	
Kahmer, r f	5	3	
Berry, 3d b	3	4	
Cuthbert, l f	3	4	
Sensenderfer, c f	3	4	
Schafer, 1st b	3	4	
Total	27	39	

OLYMPIC.	H.	L.	B.
Chambers, c	4	1	
Titus, 3d b	3	0	
Riddle, 2d b	3	1	
Hilliards, p	3	1	
Loomis, l f	3	1	
Lamont, c f	3	0	
Sullivan, r f	3	0	
Euwer s s	2	1	
Loomis, 1st b	3	0	
Total	27	5	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	8	7	1	0	0	1	4	2	16	—39
Olympic	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—5

Flies caught—Athletic—Reach, 4; Cuthbert, 2; Sensenderfer, 2; Schafer, 1; Berry, 1—total 10. Olympic—Riddle, 3; D. Loomis, 4; Sullivan, 2; Euwer, 1—total 10. Foul bound catches—Radcliffe, 4; Chambers, 8. Put out on bases—McBride, 2; Cuthbert, 3; Reach, 2; Berry, 3; Radcliffe, 2; Kahmer, 2; Sensenderfer, 1; Wilkins, 3; Titus, 1; Riddle, 2; Hilliard, 2; D. Loomis, 1; Lamont, 1; Sullivan 2; Euwer, 1; S. Loomis, 1—total 12. Left on bases—Athletic—Wilkins, 3; Berry, 1; Sensenderfer 1; Cuthbert, 1—total 6. Olympic—Titus, 1; Hilliards, 1; Lamont, 1—total 3. Flies missed—Reach, 1; Berry, 1—total 2. D. Loomis, 2; Titus, 1; Sullivan, 1; Riddle, 1; S. Loomis, 1—total 4. Struck out—Titus, 1; S. Loomis 1. Bases on called balls—McBride, 1; Berry, 1; Euwer, 1. Home runs—Reach, 1. Double plays—Reach, Sensenderfer, 1; Schafer, 1. Passed balls—Radcliffe, 2; Chambers, 5. Umpire—W. W. McClelland, Allegheny Club.

On Tuesday, 2d inst., the Athletics met the Allegheny Club and had a closely contested and withal a very interesting tussle. The club mentioned occupies precisely the position the Unions do in New York, Atlantics in Brooklyn, Eurekas in Newark, and Nationals in Washington. The people of both Pittsburgh and Allegheny feel proud of it as an organization, and it is something to be proud of. Previous to the game on Monday its friends were confident, relying solely upon the individual excellence of its players, that it would make short work of the Athletics. Not so, however, with the Allegheny members, or such of them as had witnessed the play of the Athletics in their hard contested fights with the Atlantics and Mutuals. There were rumors on Monday that parties in Pittsburgh were anxious to bet that the Allegheny would prove victorious; but it was only a rumor, as we heard of no bets being made, and know further, that certain Philadelphians—not members of the club—would have been only too happy if they could have invested their stamps on odds, which, fortunately for them, they were not successful in arranging. The Athletics were conveyed to the grounds in a stage provided by the Allegheny Club, and having dressed at the hotel, no time was wasted in making preparations. The Allegheny boys were anxious to have either Harry Giraffen or Hayhurst for umpire, but both being members of the Athletic, that was ruled an impossibility. The Allegheny boys strenuously endeavored to carry their point, but Hayhurst was resolved, and could not be made to "see it," just as it was hoped he would. A good, impartial umpire, one posted in the rules and points of the game, like Bemeisler, Graffen or Hayhurst, would prove of immense service to the Pittsburgh clubs at just this point in their history. It is probable, though, that in any important matches they may have arranged as to the future, they will secure the services of one of the above professors. Henry Arden, of the Cincinnati Club, was finally prevailed upon to act, and did so satisfactorily to both parties.

The Allegheny went to the field and the Athletics to the bat, Reach leading and hitting a ball to left field, upon which he made his second, McBride sending him home, Dick making his first and second on a passed ball, third on an overthrow, and home on Radcliff's bat. The latter drove out to centre, and succeeded, on a passed ball, in getting home. Wilkins was given his base on called balls, and through an overthrow of Irwin's, got home. Fisler was fielded out at first by Bryan; Berry sent a ball over Bryan's head, and on it secured his second, and on a passed ball got home. Cuthbert, by a low hit to centre, went the "grand rounds," and for his achievement was loudly applauded. Sensenderfer sent a nice one to right, that secured him his first; he stole his second and went to third on a passed ball. Reach permitting him to jog home on his strike. Schafer fell a victim to Irwin's prowess at first, Reach imitating Cuthbert and marking an H. R. McBride hit to centre, made his second on a passed, and got as far as third, where he was left through Radcliff being taken on the fly by Rhinehart. The latter was the first striker on the Allegheny side; he sent a nice ball to left field, which gave him his first, from whence he stole to second and third, trotting home on a passed ball. Irwin struck a foul, which Radcliff took on the bound. Foran sent a fly to Cuthbert at left field, which the latter did not hold, and, through a series of errors, Foran made home, the spectators applauding vociferously, thinking that he had made a home run. Fisler took care of Bryan at first, Brosey hit a fly that Al. Reach made claim to, and the Alleghenys retired on a tally of two.

Wilkins was the first striker on the second innings; he hit a foul that Lynch took on the bound, and Fisler drove a low one to centre, which gave him his first. Berry tipped a foul that Lynch secured, and Cuthbert hit a low one to centre, sending home Fisler, who had crept to third. Cuthbert got as far as third, where he was left, through "Sensy" being fielded out at first. The Allegheny players got a whitewash in their innings, and were returned in one, two, three order, Caruthers being fielded out at first by Wilkins. Ralston and Nichol both sent fly balls to Sensy, and the latter nipped 'em all.

The Athletics, in the third innings, managed to earn a whitewash. Schafer made his first on a low ball; Reach sent him to second; McBride hit a foul fly that Lynch captured, and Radcliffe tipped one that Lynch also took, while Wilkins sent a fly to left field which Rhinehart didn't let slip, Schaffer and Cuthbert being left waiting on the bases. The Alleghenians scored two, Irwin and Foran marking at the expense of a couple of overthrows and some careless play on the part of the Athletics. A dispute arose about giving Irwin and Foran runs on a ball that had been declared foul by the umpire, and which the umpire admitted he had so called, but corrected afterwards. Bryan, Brosey and Caruthers were, at this stage of the game, occupying the three bases, when, from some cause, they started homewards second, which took Radcliffe by surprise, but did not prevent his throwing the ball to Fisler, who held it, and very much to the disgust of Bryan and Brosey the side went out.

Fisler went to the bat at the beginning of the fourth innings, and sent Ralston a ball that he declined. Berry went out on a fly to Rhinehart; Cuthbert, by a splendid hit to right field, made a home run, and Sensy sent a nice one to third and second. Shafer hit a low ball to centre and made his first, and got as far as second, when he was left through Reach giving Irwin 'the opportunity, which the latter availed himself of, and McBride tipping a foul to Lynch. The Alleghenys batters were retired in this innings in one, two, three order, Sensy capturing two customers on the fly, viz: Ralston and Nichol, and Lynch sending a foul fly to Berry, which the latter secured.

Foran in the next innings secured two flies, one of Radcliff and the other off of Sensy's bat; Berry was a victim of Bryan, who fielded him out at first; Wilkins scored on a fair hit, as did Fisler; Cuthbert gave Bryan a chance but he did not take it, and Cuthbert made his base, but was left on his third through Sensy's misfortune. Rhinehart, on behalf of the Alleghenys, sent a fly that Reach ran for, and ought to have taken but did not. Irwin hit to Berry, who fielded the ball to Reach and cut Rhinehart off, Foran securing his third on a hit to left, out of Cuthbert's reach, who did not seem to get the range of the balls sent in this direction. Bryan and Brosey were both taken on the fly by Sensenderfer, who was playing brilliantly. On Brosser's bat Sensy captured a ball with one hand that he was compelled to chase to secure. This exploit made him a favorite with the spectators, who applauded him vociferously. The result was one run for the Allegheny Club.

The Athletics went to the bat on the sixth, resolved to do something worthy of their name as hard hitters. Schafer sent a ball over Nichol's head and went to first; he got his second on an overthrow and his third on a passed ball, and stole home. Reach, by a low hit to centre, got his first, and on a passed ball his second, stealing his third and coming home; McBride was landed at first by a hit to right, and on an overthrow of Caruthers made his third; Radcliff was successful after the same manner, getting home on Wilkins' bat. The latter made pretty nearly the same kind of a hit, and he, as well as Fisler, who followed him, were driven home by Berry, who made a long lunge to right field, made the home plate without delaying at the bases. Cuthbert popped a fly that Foran made his property, and Sensy sent a ball to short field that Bryan put to first, the innings closing for a tally of 6. Caruthers sent a very pretty fly to Sensenderfer, which the latter took, but did not keep, very much to the disappointment of the crowd, who, when they saw "Sensy" judging for the ball, yelled—"That's gone!" but, unfortunately for Sensy's fielding, he let it slip, and Caruthers made his base and scored. Ralston hit to right, and made home off of Lynch's bat. Nichol batted a fly that Sensy took and held; Lynch made his first, but was halted at second by a throw of Wilkins to Reach; Rhinehart made his first, and by taking the chances got home, which it was well for him he did, as Irwin, the next striker, was run out by Reach, the innings closing for three runs for the Allegheny Club.

The seventh innings did not take long to play. Schafer, Reach and Wilkins all popped flies, of which Foran captured the two former and Nichol the other, McBride and Radcliffe each making first and getting home on overthrows. Dick, as the Athletics going to the field, began to put on a little steam, and Foran, who led, found it impossible to hit him, and was retired as striker. Bryan secured his first by a low ball to centre; Brosey tipped a fly by which ran to Radcliffe; Caruthers, by a ground hit, made his second and sent Bryan to the home plate, they were both left through Ralston hitting to Reach, who sent the ball to Schafer, and the Allegheny retired for a cypher.

Fisler was the first striker in the eighth innings; he hit a ball that the watchful, careful Foran laid claim to and sent to first. Berry gave Rhinehart an opportunity that this fine player seemed loth to and did not take, whereon Berry made his first and stole his second; Cuthbert was fielded out at first by Foran—two hands out and it began to look like a whitewash for the Athletics, which it would have been but for wild throwing on the part of Brosey to third, permitting Berry to get home. Sensy was assisted to a couple of bases by Foran throwing the ball wildly to first and got home on Schafer's bat, the latter being left at third through Reach popping a fly to Rhinehart, that the latter appropriated. The Allegheny boys succeeded in scoring three, Lynch, Rhinehart and Nichols counting, the two latter materially assisted by wild throws. Foran got as far as third, where he was left through Reach dispatching two victims—Bryan and Brosey—the former at first and the latter on the fly, Nichols having tipped a foul that Radcliff secured.

The closing innings only resulted in three runs for the Athletics; McBride, who led, was the first victim, to Nichols fielding the ball to first; Radcliff, Wilkins and Fisler, by good hits, made their bases, and by following up the example got home; Berry hit a fly to Rhinehart that the latter made short work of and Cuthbert gave Ralston a chance that he took, but dropped, Cuthbert making his base, but through Sensy going out on the fly to Rhinehart he was left on his third. The Alleghenys boys had sixteen runs to make to tie and seventeen runs to vanquish their opponents. They succeeded in scoring seven; Wilkins and Schafer missed catches from Irwin and Nichols' bats; Wilkins redeemed his misplay by taking a fly afterwards from Nichol's bat, leaving two men waiting on bases. Wilkins had retired at the commencement of the inning, Lynch also going out on a fly. Brosey, who was the second hand, tipped a foul that Radcliff took; Rhinehart, Irwin, Foran, Bryan, Caruthers, Ralston and Nichol scoring one run each. The game, which was very interesting throughout, gave satisfaction to the spectators. The following is the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	B.
Reach, 2d b	5	5	
McBride, p	4	2	
Radcliff, c	3	4	
Wilkins, s s	2	5	
Fisler, 1st b	2	4	
Berry, 3d b	4	3	
Cuthbert, l f	2	2	
Sensenderfer, c f	3	2	
Schafer, r f	2	1	
Total	27	27	

ALLEGHENY.	H.	L.	B.
Rhinehart, l f	2	4	
Irwin, 1st b	2	4	
Foran, 2d b	1	3	
Bryan, s s	0	5	
Brosey, p	0	5	
Caruthers, r f	2	2	
Ralston, c f	3	2	
Nichol, 3d b	2	5	
Lynch, c	2	4	
Total	20	36	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	2	3	1	1	0	6	1	2	1	—17
Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	—3

Umpire—Charles Sweezey, Buckeye Club.

THE GAME IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE ATHLETIC'S friends are jubilant over the success of the famous nine in their western tour. Elsewhere full reports of the games played will be found.

KEYSTONE VS. PEERLESS.—These clubs met to play on the 1st inst., and from the known abilities of the two nines a very close and exciting game was anticipated by the large assemblage present, this being the third of the series, the first being won by the Keystones by a score of 18 to 15; the second giving the victory to the Geary by 17 to 15. In the game played on the 1st the Keystones were greatly demoralized by internal dissensions, recrimination and recrimination giving evidence of a bad condition of the nine. The culminating point developed early in the game, when the pitcher, Gwynn, on being told by the captain to look out for the bases, etc., became so incensed as to abruptly leave his position, thus sadly interfering with his club's chances of success. Another pitcher had to be substituted, and the game went on, but the Keystones had lost all spirit, and the Geary had no difficulty in defeating them. For leaving his position as he did Mr. Gwynn is deserving of severe censure; it was his duty to obey the injunctions of the captain, who is delegated with directive powers by the club. Without some such controlling head every player would have a policy of his own, and a pretty state of affairs would be the result. Gwynn, by his reprehensible action in this game, has set a very bad example, and the club owe it to themselves to purge their organization of all such self-willed members. The Keystones suffered a great loss when they permitted that excellent player, Cope, to leave them. Let them reorganize at once, and show their friends that they still possess the material and spirit which characterized the organization in former seasons. Annexed is the score:—

GEARY.	H.	L.	B.
Hopkins, c f	3	5	
Fox, 3d b	1	5	
Halbach, s s	4	5	
Norton, 2d b	1	5	
Berthrong, c	2	5	
Clair, p	2	5	
Finney, c f	3	2	
Hodges 3d b	4	1	
Studley, r f	4	2	
Keplley, s s	4	1	
Total	32	36	

KEYSTONE.	H.	L.	B.
Leonard, 3d b	2	4	
Fisher, s s	2	4	
Sweezy, 2d b	1	4	
Brookshaw, s s	2	4	
Dockney, 1st b	1	5	
McClernand, r f	3	2	
McMullen, p	4	2	
Weaver, l f	3	2	
Conner, 1st b	2	3	
Albertson, 3d b	2	1	
Ewell, c	1	4	
Total	27	36	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Geary	9	4	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	—17
Keystone	4	0	1	6	4	2	0	0	0	—18

Umpire—O. Gaskill, of the Athletic. Scorers—Messrs. Hincken and Mornen. Time of game—Three hours and ten minutes.

BACHELOR VS. UNION.—On the 2d inst., these clubs, the latter of Camden, N. J., played on the Athletics' ground, resulting, as the previous game, in favor of the Unions, the Bachelors being shorn of their strength by the absence of several of their best players. The score of the game is as appended:—

BACHELOR.	H.	L.	B.
Reach, s s	3	1	
West 1st b	3	2	
Watson, 2d b	4	1	
Jones, f	4	1	
Johnson, c	3	5	
Culp, 3d b	2	2	
Moore, p	1	1	
Smith, l f	4	0	
Barnes, r f	1	2	
Total	11	15	

UNION.	H.	L.	B.
Bassett, 2d b	4	4	
Fackler, c	3	6	
Sebley, s s	2	5	
Bourquin, p	3	3	
Horner, 1st b	3	1	
Wilson, r f	3	1	
Donohue, 3d b	3	1	
Johnson, c f	1	6	
Total	22	27	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	
Bachelor	0	0	0	1	0	3	3	4	0	—11	
Union	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2	

Umpire—Mr. Flowers, Keystone Club. Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes. Fly catches—Bachelor—West, 3; Watson, 1; Jones, 1; Johnson, 2; Culp, 1; Smith, 1—total, 8. Union—Bassett, 4; Alcott, 1; Fackler, 4; Sebley, 1; Bourquin, 2; Horner, 1; Johnson, 2—total, 15. Flies missed—Bachelor, 5; Union, 3. Put on fouls—Bachelor, 9; Union, 4. Left on bases—Bachelor, 5; Union, 7. Base play—Bachelor—Out at first, 5; third, 1; assisted by Sebley, 2; Bassett, 1, and Fackler, 1. Union—First base, 11; second base, 1; assisted by Reach, 2; Culp, 2; Johnson, 4; Moore, 1; West, 2, and Watson, 1. Passed balls—Bachelor, 15; Union, 4. Struck out—Bachelor, 1; Union, 1.

GATE CITY CLUB.—This organization, located at Atlanta, Ga., is composed of energetic young men who are enthusiastic in ball matters, and as a natural sequence the club flourisheth in a most gratifying manner, taking rank with the best south of Mason and Dixon's boundary. Last fall they played with the Holstons, of Knoxville, Tenn., for the championship honors of that section south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, defeating them by a score of 22 to 18, and thus far have never suffered defeat, winning ten balls and numbering among their conquests the Lookouts, Lightfoots and Mountain City clubs, of Chattanooga, the latter club made up principally for the purpose of beating them. On April 15th last they went to Macon, and had a tilt with the Olympic, of that place, for the championship, proving victorious by a score of 43 to 13, two of their second nine taking part, and the right fielder being a boy thirteen years of age. They expect ere long to test the prowess of the Alabama champions, and when they do they are confident that it will add another triumph to their already goodly record.

KENDALL vs. PASTIME.

A match was played on the 6th inst. between the Pastime Club, of Baltimore, and the Kendall Deaf Mute Club, of Washington, on the grounds of the Pastime, and attracted a large and curious crowd. Great interest was evinced in the match from the fact that the Washington players labored both the sense of hearing and speaking. Those disadvantages, however, worked to their benefit, and was the means of causing them to give attention to every movement. A temporary affliction of this kind in some of our players would be a desideratum. Some excellent fly catches were made by Messrs. Keilholtz and Drow, of the Pastime, and Plowman, of the Kendall. The playing generally of the Pastime shows considerable improvement on last season. The Kendall, it will be remembered, defeated the Union, of Washington, last fall. The score:—

KENDALL.	H.	L.	B.
Chambers, 2d b	4	1	
Showman, c	2	4	
Parkinson, 3d b	3	2	
Lowry, r f	3	2	
Hodgkiss, s s	5	2	
Lathrop, c f	3	2	
Plowman, 1st b	3	3	
Bird, c	1	4	
Green, 1st b	2	3	
Total	26	28	

PASTIME.	H.	L.	B.
Popplein, c	4	9	
A. Seliman, c f	4	8	
Waldner, 2d b	1	11	
Orendorf, 1st b	2	10	
Oler, 3d b	1	11	
F. Seliman, s s	2	8	
Dew, l f	3	8	
Keilholtz, r f	4	7	
Turnbull, p	1	7	
Total	22	79	

Umpire—Leach, of Olympic, Washington. Scorers—A. N. Mowton, of Pastime; R. P. McGregor, of Kendall.

NATIONAL, OF WASHINGTON, vs. MARYLAND, OF BALTIMORE.

The champion club of Maryland paid a visit to Washington on Tuesday, 2d inst., to encounter the noted National Club, of that city. It was the first appearance of the Nationals in a match game, while their opponents were in fine practice. After a close and exciting game the Maryland were victors by a score of 28 to 27. Our correspondent, under date of the 3d inst., speaks as follows of the contest:—"The Nationals, yesterday, played the Maryland on their ground and were beaten. The Baltimoreans had out their full nine, while the Nationals were minus the services of three of their nine. In the first four innings the Maryland had affairs pretty much as they pleased, the Nationals playing very loose; but a little steadiness changed the appearance of the score, and at the close of the eighth innings the Nationals lead them one, and had they displayed a little more judgement in the ninth, I think they would have won. The Maryland played well, four errors being made.

NATIONAL.	H.	L.	B.
Gibney, l f	4	3	
Fox, 1st b	3	4	
Norton, 2d b	1	5	
Berthrong, c	2	5	
Clair, p	2	5	
Finney, c f	3	2	
Hodges 3d b	4	1	
Studley, r f	4	2	
Keplley, s s	4	1	
Total	27	28	

MARYLAND.	H.	L.	B.
Hooper, l f	3	4	
Annan, s s	3	4	
G. Lilly, 1st b	5	2	
Worthington, 1 f	3	3	
W. Lilly, 3d b	3	3	
Keri, c	3	4	
Cope, p	0	6	
Razelburst, 2d b	3	3	
Doyle, c f	1	2	
Total	27	31	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
National	3	0	2	1	0	2	5	2	2	—27
Maryland	0	6	4	2	0	4	3	1	4	—28

Fly balls caught—Fox, 4; Norton, 3; St. Clair, 3; Hodges, 2; Ripley, 1; total 13. Annan, 2; Worthington, 6; Keri, 4; Cope, 2; Hazelhurst, 2; Doyle, 1; total 17. Foul balls caught—Fox, 1; Norton, 2; Berthrong, 1; Hodges, 1; total, 7. Keri, 6. Passed balls—National, 15; Maryland, 11. Time of game—Three hours and 30 minutes. Umpire—Mr. H. C. McLoan, of the Olympic. Scorers—Messrs. Birch and Pott

ATLANTIC vs. STAR.

A match game took place between these clubs, at the Union Ground, on the 8th inst. The Stars exhibited some of their old-time abilities as fielders, and managed to keep their opponents' scores down to small figures. The Atlantics also made a handsome exhibit of their fielding qualities, and the contest was one of the best and most interesting of the season. Following is the score:—

STAR.	O.	R.	L.	F.
Manly, s s	2	1	0	3
Waddell, 1st b	3	0	0	2
Sullivan, p	3	0	0	0
Rogers, c f	2	0	1	1
Brown, l f	4	0	0	5
Thompson, c	4	0	1	1
DeCamp, 3d b	4	0	0	3
Cooper, r f	4	0	0	0
Macdiarmid 2d b	2	1	0	2
Totals	27	2	2	14

ATLANTIC.	O.	R.	L.	F.
Pratt, s s	3	1	0	2
Smith, 2d b	3	1	0	3
Start, 1st b	3	1	1	0
Mills, c	3	1	1	1
Crane, c f	3	0	2	0
Ferguson, 3d b	3	0	1	1
Zeitlein, p	3	2	0	0
Chapman, l f	3	2	0	0
MacDonald, r f	0	4	1	0
Total	27	13	7	9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Star	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2
Atlantic	2	3	0	0	0	0	4	3	1	—13

Out on fouls—Star, 5; Atlantic, 5. Umpire—Mr. Swandel, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Sterling and Monk.

UNION, OF MORRISANIA vs. YALE COLLEGE.

THE CHAMPIONS IN A TIGHT PLACE.

On Saturday, June 6, the Morrisanian Unions visited New Haven, to meet the students of Yale College in friendly contest. The reputation of the crack club of the country had preceded them, and

WHAT HE LOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Tell me, ye ancient mariner,
With the bronzed and furrowed cheek,
What is it, what is it now, I pray,
What is it that you seek?"
And he felt in his hat and in his boots,
And his pockets he searched behind,
And, although he swore a shivering oath,
What he sought he did not find.

"Tell me, my worthy sailor man—
All tempest beaten and tossed—
What is it, what is it now, I pray,
What is it you have lost?
Is it the log of the good old ship,
Or a pearl from the deep, deep sea?
O, why do you beat your ancient head,
And smite your tarry knee?"

And he rolled his fierce and glittering eye,
And he swore as he stared on me—
"D—n your log," said he, "and your good old ship,
And your pearl and your deep, deep sea!"
He drew from his pocket a rusty key,
Some oakum and a cracker,
But he sought in vain for what he had lost—
And that was his tobacco. J. H. B.

THE GREAT GILLYFLOWER MATINEE.

Some Notes of a Preliminary Rehearsal.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

When Gabriel Gillyflower had taken possession of his magnificent brown-stone mansion on Colouna row, and stood with his hands behind his coat-tails, contemplating the solitary grandeur of his spacious drawing-rooms, a sense of desolation overcame him, for he felt, in the midst of all his magnificence, that he was alone.

It was very fine, there can be no doubt of it. It looked like a bank, which pleased him, as it was in his line; with a cupola on top, like the cover of a pepper-box. Had a *porte cochere* and a porter's lodge, and a door way like the vestibule of a theatre. Was furnished in a style evidently borrowed from Wallack's—the chairs and sofas being so rich that they were kept in covers of muslin, like the carpet, and were exposed to view on great occasions only. There was a grand piano, of course, for his daughter, Flora Sophia, to play on; in short, there was everything but society to appreciate.

Gabriel had made his fortune originally in the mackerel trade, but, having concluded to retire while able to enjoy it, had made himself as miserable as you please by getting among "the nobs," as he called them—being himself a nob, with a big "B" prefixed.

How to place themselves on terms of familiarity with the leaders of ton was the great question of the day with the Gillyflowers. They drove out with footmen in livery, took a box at the opera, had, likewise, one in Reverend Mr. Smirkface's stylish church, and patronized everything that was fashionable, but still were as unnoticed as though they had not been born. In desperation, old Gabriel went to a dealer in heraldic insignia and obtained a set of armorial bearings—a mackerel rampant, with a field azure, surmounted with a hat of the period, and was delighted to find that people looked at him through their opera glasses. When the great millionaire, Guffin, touched his hat to him, as they encountered at a party, he felt a general drooping, as though the floor was opening to receive him.

At length he confided his trouble to a couple of old acquaintances, named respectively, Billop and Squallop, who were connected with the financial department of one of the high-toned journals, and who agreed to manage it for him.

Billop said he had it—the very thing!

Nothing more was necessary than to invite a number of neighbors to a private musical entertainment, at which a public favorite or two should be the attraction. He might then regard himself as firmly established.

Squallop said the idea was a great one, worthy of Billop. They then borrowed a couple of hundred of him and left to make the arrangements.

They had no difficulty, all Wall street having at once consented to honor so brilliant an affair. Signoras Bolfarini, Vespucci and Signor Cabalo Felici, the divine tenor, actually jumped at the chance which then opened to them the doors of the finest house in Colouna row, as having a tendency to add to their fame.

The "eventful evening" saw the steps of the Gillyflower mansion besieged by a crush of carriages. The windows blazed with light, and a crowd gathered on the sidewalk to inspect the ladies' costumes as they passed within, and to listen to the music. "My eyes, Bill, aint she a screecher." "Make the most of your shoulders, old gal!" "Travel in, old spindleshanks," and "Say, can't ye give us a piece of them whiskers?"—these and other complimentary allusions greeted the guests as they ran the gauntlet of the unwashed, who were disposed to resent the icy coldness of the *creme de la creme*—the ice cream, if we may so call it—of fashionable society.

Mrs. Gillyflower, with her daughter Flora Sophia for right bower, both in "gorgeous array," stood curtseying and shaking hands at the drawing room entrance. The usual buzz and perfume were not wanting. Old Gabriel was so happy that he beamed upon everybody like a Drummond light, and was continually assuring everybody that it was "truly effulgent." Flora Sophia was the cynosure of all eyes, as an heiress should be. One gentleman of French extraction, gotten up after the Dundreary pattern, assured Gabriel that his daughter was "*ravissante*—positively *charmante*—and she had so much *grace*."

"Grass!" retorted Gabriel, highly offended, "she's not as green as you think. It don't run in the family."

"Pardon, m'sieur—I mean so *gra-ace*, ze symmetary—ze *tournure*—so generale movement, and your soun—what fine young fellow—such fine specimen of young Amerique—such *esprit!*

"Spree, sir—he never went on a spree in his life—you are mistaken!" replied old Gabriel with asperity, and moved off, leaving his visitor staring at him through his eyeglass with looks expressive of great astonishment. The whole evening was filled in by blunders of a similar nature, and the fun was the part of the Gillyflowers. "The Specimen" loomed up above the visitors in a sky blue neck tie, to the height of six feet or more, wearing white kids and a rose at his buttonhole. The bankers and bullionaires and ladies of high degree were too numerous to count.

The two ladies of foreign extract and aristocratic fame were ushered in by a gentleman in black and white waistcoat, also kids and a forest of hair of painful blackness, who proved to be Signor Cabalo Felice himself. There was a hum of remark all over the rooms and guests gathered about the piano. Silence of about one minute, during which the vocalists conversed in under tones and rustled their music.

Then the great Felici took the instrument, followed by a confused rattling of the keys, a perfect fusillade of sounds. Then a gentle tinkling, amid which could be faintly detected a half bar of "Home, Sweet Home." Then a grumbling, muttering, spluttering, thundering—then the keys all went off at once, like a run away dirt-cart rattling over paving stones—a sound as of a load of cobble-stones dumped upon cobbles, and Signor Felici sprang up frskily, like a Jack-in-the-box, bobbed his head at the listeners, and retired, amid loud applause. That was "Home, Sweet Home, with variations," sounding about as much like anything else, from the air in question. Tommy, the "Specimen" aforesaid, pounced upon Signor Cabalo, and hauled him to the sideboard in the ante-room to crack a bottle of champagne. "Hang'd if you didn't make the old thing squeal!" said the specimen, slapping the overpowered gentleman of foreign extraction on the shoulder with patronizing familiarity. In fact, the specimen was constantly conducting visitors to the wine-room, and returning therefrom each moment more ruddy and more effervescent than before.

Then came a duet in Italian, by Vespucci and Solfarini, in which the singers appeared to be doing their level best to sing each other down—as, in fact, they were. Such screams and yells were never heard outside of a madhouse.

The applause was deafening.

The musical critics—the press having contributed its quota—made hurried notches in their note books.

"Isn't it gel-lorious, old fellow?" said Billop, pouncing upon the Specimen, who replied:—

"Rile! you bet!" and pulled him away to the wine room.

"By the way," said Billop, "let's have Squallop."

And Squallop was beckoned to, and went accordingly. Their disappearance was followed by the popping of a cork.

All at once there was a sensation.

"What is coming?" all inquired.

"Something extra," Billop explained to Gabriel; "a new singer from the famous Scala of Milan, not yet announced, has agreed to give a preliminary rehearsal here—a taste of her quality in advance. Has a most powerful organ—a wonderful organ."

"O hang your organs!" rejoined Gabriel; "I hope she ain't going to bring no organs here. Why, we have doses of it under our windows every day, regular—Marching to Georgy," 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'Marsellaise Hymn,' 'Dixie,' 'Trovatory'—hang the organ! Ask her if she can't sing without the organ."

"Ha! ha! very witty; didn't know it was in you," said Billop, poking Gabriel in the ribs.

The Specimen here "spooze" through the crowd, and begged to present the Pheonomenon with a glass of wine, at which boldness he blushed as red as the rose in his button-hole.

The Phenomenon began with a flutter and a trill, then a gentle series of gurglings, then six or eight distinctly uttered words in Italian, trill and repeat, a prolonged squeal, a convulsive wriggle with eyes shut and hands folded over breast, and the words "*poco de mi.*" End of song.

"How do you like that for an *aria*, old boy?" asked Billop, squeezing Gabriel's arm.

"For an *area*?" replied Gabriel; "that *would* be a queer place to sing in. I think it better suited to the drawing-room."

"O, *chacun a son gout*," responded Billop, who was hereupon seized upon by the Specimen and dragged off to the wine room.

The applause was excited.

Then more singing, and the party filed off to supper. It is needless to expatiate upon this crowning triumph of the evening, or describe how fish, flesh and fowl, oysters, pâtés, confectionary, fruits and wine followed each with the speed of a railway train going through a tunnel, down the fair, white swan-like throats of city belles, or how the gentlemen in kids and white waistcoats ate and guzzled as though they had been famished, or how the laugh and jest passed garly round amid the clatter of knives and forks and the buzz of conversation.

The satisfied party now retired to the saloons, and dancing was briskly entered upon. Here the Specimen was in his element, bouncing and flopping and whirling with an agility which betrayed a lack of counterbalancing something in the upper story.

After each set the Specimen was seen heading for the wine room with some fresh victim in tow. Then the guests began to yawn, and finally dispersed; and if old Gabriel and his family could have heard the manner in which their characters and everything about them were picked to pieces, they might not have retired to rest with so much equanimity.

The drawing-rooms were still full of cloaked and leave-taking guests, when a terrific "whoop!" like the battle cry of an Ojibbeway Indian, rang through the space. The door of the wine room at the further end was thrown open, and there, in the glass of wine in his hand, and the form of the Phenomenon, in a fearful state of intoxication, drooping in his embrace.

Old Gabriel's eye took in, at a glance, the state of affairs; a stool came flying through the air, narrowly missing the Specimen, who dodged and made off through the conservatory windows.

Late that night the elongated form of the Specimen crawled cautiously up the steps of the paternal mansion, and, unsteadily mounted to the upper floor; but the little sense nature had given him had left the door of the bathing room was invitingly open, and, mistaking it for his own, he quietly slipped in. The moment after there was heard the fall of a heavy body, a rush of waters, and the cry of "murder, help!"

Family and servants rushed to the scene with lights, sticks and pokers, when the cause of the alarm was made manifest. There, in the middle of the bath tub, stood the Specimen, drenched to the skin with water from the overhanging shower bath, which, as he had forgotten to drop the cord, was still pouring upon him. He had tumbled into the tub head foremost, and, not knowing what to make of such a bed, had seized what he mistook for a bell rope—hence the catastrophe.

On the following day several little bills were handed in to Gabriel at his office. Messrs. Billop and Squallop, with the disinterestedness of friendship, had charged the trifling amount of one hundred dollars each for their services in engineering the affair, and the gifted persons of foreign extract, etc., had come upon him with a cool demand for a thousand each.

Gilbert paid all requirements, but in a week or so afterwards he sold his box at the opera, placed a bill on his house, and retired to the rural districts to vegitate in quiet.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Mothers, are your children suffering from ringworm or scald head? Apply this great remedy at once, and remove a sight so disagreeable to the family.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 8.—The American Museum.

A little over a quarter of a century back the City Hall Park presented a singular and, doubtlessly, edifying appearance, from being the main repository of all the public institutions belonging to our municipality. As if by the way of contrast to the really good architecture of the City Hall, before its harmony was destroyed by the elongation of its cupola to make room for a clock possessing the wonderful property of designating four distinct and erroneous periods of time with a single set of works, the building was flanked on either side by the county jails. Both were gloomy edifices, of coarse, unhewn granite, whose very appearance, especially with the fetters exhibited over the door, manacles worthy of the genius of the most tormenting of inquisitors, sufficed to keep malefactors in wholesome dread of an entrance within such dismal walls. One of these prisons—that for criminals—still exists, after having been reconstructed, renovated and externally adorned to serve the purposes of a Hall for Records, and we can, at this day, determine its aboriginal hideousness, which insists upon obtruding itself despite its architectural metamorphosis. The other—the debtors' prison—for a long period held a disgraceful position on the side of the Hall towards Broadway until some over-sensitive city father, possibly having a judicious fear of the sheriff daily before his eyes, prevailed upon his colleagues to rid the community of its unsightly presence. Like the Parisian Bastile, our own was demolished, leaving no stone unturned to free us from the vestige of a feudel absurdity, for we flatter ourselves that imprisonment for debt in this State has been abolished; yet I am sorry to add that numerous gentlemen, occupying lodgings in a Ludlow street hotel, fail to corroborate public opinion as to this legal point.

To the rear of the City Hall, upon the site now occupied by the New Court House, ran a long, two story building, cut up into sections, with numerous entrances, a species of municipal tenant house, which the charity of our forefathers consigned for the occupation of our pauper population. There was a significant compactness in the location of all these primitive edifices which could not fail to attract the attention of the satirists of our rising city. It was an impressive, although mute commentary upon the chances of a mundane existence. All a man had to do was to enter a court of justice, voluntarily or otherwise, and upon emerging his destiny was settled by a journey of a stone's throw, for, beneath the very eaves of the City Hall was shrewdly located his future residence—the prison or the almshouse, as the event of litigation might decide.

But I have happier memory of that old almshouse building, with its yellow brick front and white wooden portico, for, after cleaning out the paupers, the municipality dedicated it to the service of science, loaning it as a receptacle for the property of the American Museum, by which proud title was designated a collection of geological and other curiosities, made by a knot of city antiquarians and pundits and placed under the charge of a Doctor Scudder.

That old museum was a wonderful and nondescript institution, with its glass cases and stuffed beasts, with a live anaconda and a tame alligator thrown in to give a spark of animation to the vast array of fossil remains and defunct nature which was wont to excite the wonderment of our city sages and of our country cousins. Besides, there was a gallery of so-called national portraits, intermixed with the discarded regimentals of departed heroes, the swords, canes and knee buckles of distinguished statesmen and an infinity of other congenial matter, which the world at large might style rubbish, but which we were instructed by the wise men of Gotham to regard with unalloyed veneration and respect.

Then again we were treated with a polytechnic department, which semi-occasionally gave us scientific discourses upon the commonest of sublunary subjects, teaching us the mysteries of nature by practical demonstration. There was an end of scientific miracles performed at that old Museum, and even now in the vista of the past I can see them float before my eyes as vividly as when I, scarce emerged from bib and tucker, trudged up the flight of wooden steps facing Broadway, to be regaled with a shilling's worth of learning and a view of the wax figures thrown in gratuitously. We were shocked with an electric eel, battered by a Leyden jar, set in convulsions by laughing gas and made to tug ineffectually at a concealed magnetic bar.

Science unfortunately possessed but a limited circle of paying votaries, and the philosophers founding the American Museum soon discovered that the vulgar herd required more palpable food to gratify a curious appetite. They were compelled, reluctantly, it is true, to compromise the dignity of the institution and to descend to ordinary means to popularise the enterprise; they inaugurated the compulsory reform by giving a free concert of brazen instruments, placed in mid-air on top of that inviting portico. It is to the performances of this brass band that "Fitz Green Halleck pointedly alludes in his poem of Fanny; wherein he makes a bankrupt politician, who had listened to the nightingale's song in Tammany Hall, drink in the music of the spheres:—

"There's music on the waters, love,
There's music on the sea,
There's music twice a week, my love,
On Scudder's balcony."

And again, at the termination of that self same poem, our Manhattanese lyrist chronicles a noted peculiarity in this identical collection of minstrels:—

"The mariner's song has ceased;
His corse lies on the sea,
And music ceases, when it rains,
On Scudder's balcony."

It was particularly upon a Saturday afternoon that the Museum band indulged in its most fascinating flourishes. The park was then generally well crowded with loungers, for, beside the fact of the afternoon of that day being universally observed as a half holiday, it was usually set aside for the drawing of the lottery, an occurrence in which all New York was more or less financially interested, for lotteries, at that time, were not only legalized but encouraged by the most reputable and influential citizens of the State.

The wheel of fortune was usually kept in the window of a ticket dealer on the corner of Broadway and Park place, and there it was liable to inspection by any speculator, dubious as to the fairness of the instrument, which was a highly ornamented circular box, with glass sides so contrived that every object within it could be distinctly visible. Upon the afternoon of the drawing it was borne, with an attendant troop of school urchins, to the rear of the City Hall, and there placed upon an elevated platform. After scrutiny of the ballots by sworn officials, a little girl, habited in white, sometimes adorned with tinsel wings, drew them, with bandaged eyes, the winning numbers, which were duly announced and exhibited to the multitude; after which the little fairy, who had been presumed to represent the goddess Fortune, smiled sweetly upon the crowd—a playful consolation to the four-fifths holding blanks—and headed a procession to the office of the managers of the concern, where prize-bearing tickets were redeemed in the presence of a sympathetic concourse of unwashed people.

It was generally at the close of the lottery drawing that the musicians upon Scudder's balcony discoursed with exploding Orpheus effect are recommendations proving too limited for the proper display of the countless curiosities showered upon the Museum by every returned traveler, the collection was removed to the handsome and spacious halls on the corner of Broadway and Ann street.

The American Museum had been founded with the idea of its being a strictly scientific institution, much after the style of the London Polytechnic, and for a time this idea was carried out. There is no city in this wide world where a greater amount of truly rare and valuable curiosities can be gleaned than from this commercial metropolis, and hence, with a very little encouragement, and with a municipal patronage, New York can possess museums infinitely superior to those of a majority of European cities, and quite equal to those of London and Paris. Our past experience has been fraught with suggestive hints as to avoidance of errors in the future, and nothing can better illustrate the futility of attempting to accomplish a great idea, tending to elevate the popular taste by private enterprise, than the history of the late American Museum. From its very commencement it could boast an excellent collection of objects, well arranged and classified; yet from the start it was a non-sustaining institution and consequently compelled to descend from its high estate to pander to the morbid curiosity of persons drawn to its doors from a spirit of idle sight-seeing, similar to that prompting a country boor to invest his money in a penny show. Few, if any, visitors to Barnum's ever paused to examine the curious collection, committed accidentally to his care, but almost invariably hurried through galleries actually lined with treasures, to gloat upon fat boys, giant women and other monstrosities, fit only for a *raree show*.

Prior to the Museum being Barnumized it had boasted a couple of rivals, which, if they did not kill off the institution, tended greatly to its scientific degradation. One was located in Chatham street, just above Pearl, at a time when that section of the town lay claim to fashionable pretension, when Cherry street boasted the residence of Churchill C. Cambreling and other dignatories of note, and East Broadway was springing into a favorite location to be honored with the domicils of mercantile notorieties about to settle upon the ancient domains of the Rutgers, the Willets and other proprietors of ante-revolutionary fame. The new Museum, however, enjoyed but an ephemeral repute, and speedily relapsed into an insignificant asylum for the show folks, without better patronage than could be bestowed by the thoughtless throng "going down in ships to the sea."

A much more formidable opponent appeared in the erection of Peale's Museum, opposite the Park, on the other side of Broadway, an establishment originally intended to exhibit the artistic works of Rembrandt Peale, who, by hereditary claim, was esteemed a painter of no ordinary merit. But this specialty proved by no means sufficiently lucrative to continue on the enterprise, hence to the emanations of Peale's genius was added the ordinary congregation of stuffed animals, of living reptiles, of human monstrosities, of wax figures and other odds and ends, upon which the public is pleased to bestow the classic title of museum. Of course a lively rivalry, for a time, was carried on between the two houses, in which brass bands constituted a most prominent element in vain endeavors to emulate the ram's horn player before Jericho, and to batter down, in that scriptural manner, the walls of their antagonists, by blasts of musical strains which possessed more sound than melody.

When Barnum assumed management of the American Museum he brought with him a ripe experience as to the popular wants of the masses, particularly from the rural districts, and consequently took the then existing collection of curiosities as a mere ground plan whereupon to create a mammoth show, to combine in one grand whole all species of marvels, with which, during his numerous travels, he had observed the credulity of the ignorant could be the more easily tickled. Hence, beneath his management, all pre-existing traces of a scientific entertainment were remorselessly obliterated, and the low grade of theatrical performances substituted in their stead to such a degree that, if the spirits of Doctors Mitchell, Hosack and Scudder, now long inhabiting the spiritual realm, ever indulged in rapping, the cranium of the master showman would have been the recipient of vigorous knocks from these departed and indignant *savants*.

About twenty years ago, when theatres were regarded by a very large portion of the religiously inclined community as the very acme of immoral profanity, the removal of the Chemical Bank, adjoining the Museum on Broadway, presented Barnum with an opportunity for imitating the example of sundry money making managers in Boston, Albany and other piety stricken dominions, by erecting upon the site of the bank a neat and capacious theatre, the architect of which was Trimble, up to that time known only as a stage carpenter and packing box manufacturer, around in Theatre alley. The stage management of this "lecture room"—pious people still objected to any allusion to theatres—was committed to Corse Clarke, a very popular and competent actor, who, however, experienced great difficulty in gathering a dramatic company, for the professionals, rejoicing in the ancient dignity of their calling, entertained as holy a horror against exhibiting in company with wax-work figures, fat women and gipsy queens, as the praying bands maintained against the Thespians. Possibly this professional prejudice may have been a primary cause of the mediocrity of the performances, upon which the museum management mainly relied as a money making institution, for I am candid enough to say that, with the exception of the Boone children, I cannot remember a decent piece of acting upon the Museum stage, and the merits of these precocious aspirants for fame were mainly limited to the rendition of a few scenes, criticism of which was disarmed from considération of the artists' youth. However, as the audience were composed of the equally inclined and the show was nominally given gratuitously, bad acting passed as current with them, in their ignorance and charity, as if they had been regaled with the rarest of dramatic feasts.

But at times the chronic malady of the great showman would break forth in one of those brilliant flights of charlatanry which, as he boasts in his autobiography, has rendered him the most famous of humbugs. As a general thing, the Barnumic projects were pre-eminently successful. The Fegee Island mermaid was financially speaking, a failure, almost as bad as that attending Barnum's experiment of "what is it," in London, to which he, with commendable modesty, fails to allude in his autobiographic volume. Still, as the incident is really too characteristic of the man's entire professional existence, I may venture to supply the palpable omission of its distinguished facts. There had been born, years ago, near Long Island's sea-girt shore, a singular deformity in the shape of a man, named Harvey Leach, who, with the body and arms of a well formed person, possessed legs but a few inches in length. This extraordinary dwarf was first introduced to the public as an equestrian, and as such accompanied the circus to Europe, where some ingenious playwright, putting his want of legs to account, [illegible] wherein Harvey, rechristened Signor Hervio Nano, encased in the costume of an enormous blue bottle, crossed the ceiling of the theatre and did other wonders. By the novelty of these dramatic effects, the Signor reaped a rich harvest, both in Europe and in this country, performing at the Bowery when Dineford had it. Some years after Barnum happened to find the dwarf in London, and, ignorant of his identification with Signor Nano, although any linguist might have informed the showman that Hervio Nano was but Harvey, the dwarf, Italianised, and, with an habitual eye to business, he introduced him to the London audience in a skin of some wild beast, covering the walls of that city with placards—"What Is It?" But scarce a couple of days elapsed before the ingenious manager was amazed at having a correct answer to his query quite as publicly announced:—It is Harvey Leach, the dwarf, Hervio Nano." Barnum has, since that experience, been naturally disgusted with the zoological penetration of the Cockneys, who, having seen an animal once, recognise it a second time.

In the wax work collection of the museum was a group of figures with faces, arms and hands composed of that material, but habited in a species of tinsel costumery peculiar to that school of sculpture, seeking to outvie nature in the radiance of her hues. The group was presumptively allegorical—"Gen. Andrew Jackson, crowned by the Youth and Beauty of New Orleans." Youth and Beauty being represented by two blue eyed girls with impossibly white and pink faces, placing a very green crown upon the head of Old Hickory, who seemed, from his attitude, rather to have taken an emetic than to have saved a city. Still there was a certain value attached to this eccentric production from having been one of the earliest works of Hiram Powers, the world renowned sculptor, whose Greek Slave at present takes rank among the master-pieces of the modern ages.

There was another and even more eccentric piece of workmanship of Powers', which, for a time, was an attraction at the Museum, being an attempt to illustrate, scenically and with automata, Dante's description of Hell, with the aid of a very clever painter, named Hannington, who was, notwithstanding his abilities, compelled to earn his daily bread as a sign painter. Powers produced an animated scene, which, if its main object was to inculcate terror, did not fail to consummate its design. A gigantic skeleton summoned before him the souls of the dead with a majestic action; Cerberus growled with all of his three heads; Charon ferried the departed with a steady oar; the terrible serpent guarding the throne of judgment coiled and recoiled with earnest naturalness, while the rattling of chains, the howling of the damned and the hundred other minor accessories for an infernal contemplation conjured up a scene of anticipated horror, which fairly compelled, after a cursory glance, the saintly visitor to descend from the lecture room three steps at a time.

I believe the final curiosities added to the old Museum, and which perished with the others in the flames, were anatomical specimens, neatly preserved in spirits, formerly belonging to the State of California. They were the head of Joaquin Muriatti and the hand of his lieutenant, Three Fingered Jack—notorious bandits, for whose apprehension the State offered a reward of some thousand dollars. Harry Love, a Texan ranger, organized a company for the enterprise, and surrounding Joaquin's band near Mariposa, brought these trophies to the governor's house as evidence of the accomplishment of his mission. The State, not knowing where to keep these expensive memorials of brigand mortality, transferred them to the custody of a wandering showman. Seized for debt, they were for a time in the official possession of Gen. William R Gorham, a well known New Yorker, who, after emigrating to the Golden State, became sheriff of San Francisco, who can boast the somewhat singular honor, in these days of Christian enlightenment, of having disposed of the head of one man and the arm of another, to pay a debt due a living being. Finally, both head and arm reached these shores to become a part of Barnum's stock in trade, until a tongue of flame consigned them to ashes, commingled with those of the mermaid and other odd fish, and ruthlessly swept away to make room for the steam-presses of the *Herald* establishment.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE;

OR,

THE BURST UP COMPANY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY FRANK S. FINN.

The edict had gone forth—the troupe had collapsed—and the way it happened was a queer one. We had been strolling it through the country with a small dramatic company, in the vain endeavor of gaining a little money—an article which we had anything but a plentiful supply of; but the populace of the numerous towns we visited couldn't seem to see it, although we varied the monotony of the thing by giving the moral drama one night and the immoral the next but one, filling in the space by a sort of moral and immoral drama combined, something like sandwitching the "Six Degrees of Crime" between the "Drunkard" and "Camille." Nobody seemed to care whether we preferred "death before dishonor" or that we "were willing to die in a great cause."

But I didn't tell you why we burst up, so I will try to do so now. A young fellow, who had a little talent, and was "up" (to use a theatrical phrase) in some of the leading characters, was our leading man, but he was such a vain fellow that he spent all the salary he got in pomades for the embellishment of his hair and moustache; "for," said he, "what's the use of a fellow being a leading man unless he's got black, curly hair and a raven's wing moustache, for the audience would laugh at a straight-haired fellow making love;" so when the money was gone we woke up one morning to find that our leading man had sloped with his trunk, fearing those remorseless beings, the landlords, would seize it for his board (though every professional knows landlords never do such things—I ought to know, for I've been there); and also that some of the ladies of the company might request him to sacrifice his glossy locks and "heavenly moustache" in order to liquidate their bills—at least, the note he left behind implied as much.

Now, a troupe without a leading man is hardly the thing, and we were sitting in our room talking over matters and bringing forth that too often repeated question of "What is to be done?" when the monotony was broken by "I don't know whether I'm a female Jonah or not," remarked Mrs. White, the old woman of the company, "but this I do know, that every company I have been with has gone up."

"Because you were with them?" spitefully asked Miss Le Grade, who had a penchant for our skedaddled leading man and wanted to vent her spite on some one.

"Come, ladies, don't quarrel and I'll tell you what we'll do," spoke up Charlie Vane, our comedian. "You know our bills are out for to-night; now, we'll have the landlord up, state to him our circumstances, let him have whatever we make to-night, and throw ourselves upon his kind indulgence."

"Will he accept those terms?" I asked.

"More likely he'll accept our trunks," suggested Miss Le Grade.

"I've got a bright idea," said Miss Torrens, valuable articles as usual, we all paused to listen to her.

"What is it?" we all exclaimed.

"Suppose we empty our trunks into a large sheet and we ladies throw it out of the window, while the men catch it and make for the depot, while we ladies follow."

Could it be possible that this was the same young lady who the very night previous had cast sheep's eyes on the landlord in question, as she sung "Had I a heart for falsehood framed, I ne'er could inspire you?" Echo answered, it was poss.

Of course we all pooh-poohed the idea, though, I grieve to say, probably more from the impracticability than the dishonesty of the thing, so we relinquished all idea of Miss Towner's bright thought.

Nothing less was to be done than to call up the keeper of the hotel. The landlord was summoned; the landlord came; the landlord was put in possession of all the facts; the landlord stroked his chin; the landlord consented to wait; and the landlord retired.

I had consented to become leading man for the night and was busily conning over the character, when a rap at the door caused me to arouse myself and say, "Come in."

The door opened and there beheld a man clad in a light vest, light pants, a blue coat with brass buttons, and a face as red as a small volcano; perhaps you think I wish you to understand that he was clad in a red face, but I decidedly do not.

"Are you the man what hires the hall for play actors?" he asked.

"I am the manager, *pro tem.*," I replied.

"Well, then, Mr. ——"

"Beg pardon, sir, but my name is Micklewig."

"Well, then, Mr. Micklewig, you behold before you a man who has come to ask a favor."

"If it's for the loan of five dollars, or to sign a subscription list for the benefit of decayed lozenge sellers, I can't do it."

"No, sir, it's not that; I would it were as trifling. I have come to ask you to stop your play to-night."

"Well, if you don't mind giving me a reason, I will ask you for what cause?"

"You shall know in good time. I am an opponent to theatrical representations."

"Oh! I can see though the drift of your request—you are no doubt a preacher who is to hold forth to-night and are afraid we shall attract a larger house than yourself."

"No, sir, I'm no preacher, but look down upon theatres from the very best of reasons."

"And the reason is ——"

"Because I never was inside of a playhouse in my life."

"To resume, may I ask why you wish us to stop our play to-night?"

"I will tell you; but first promise me that if my reasons are good ones you will not have the play go on, and I will give you one hundred dollars, cash down."

I thought I was in the presence of a madman or a fanatic, although I found out afterwards it was nothing but an excited old gentleman.

"Well, I promise," I replied.

"In that case I will tell you—perhaps you have a daughter?"

"No, sir, I never was married."

"But you might have a daughter, for all that. Well, sir, I was married and I had a daughter who was the personification of female loveliness—not a die away thing that lived on vinegar and slate pencils; but a good, hearty, robust country lass as any man of forty (that's my age, sir) might be proud to put his hand upon the dictionary and say 'This is my daughter, sir.' Well, I had great hopes of this only child of mine, and thought her fit to be the wife of some man of wealth and position, and had it in my mind to let her 'belle' it one season at Saratogy, where she could become the wife of one of the tip-tops; but bless you, sir, if you wanted a girl to marry a bad carrier she'd be sure to take to a bank director, and wicey wersey. Woman's name is contrairiety. The girl always was a good girl, and I thought her always obedient, but during my trip to town she became spoony on the milkman, and you know the rest."

"I—?" I exclaimed.

"Of course; haven't you got your theatre bills out, and on 'em 'The Clandestine Marriage' will be performed to-night?"

"But, my dear sir——"

"And aint you going to show how my daughter's love for the milkman caused her to desert her father's house, and aint you going to show the very identical ladder and bring in for a moral 'The wiley (way) of the transgressor is hard?'"

"Really, sir——"

"Now don't do it, don't do it; for my sake, don't, and you shall have the hundred dollars."

"You are certainly laboring under a great mistake——"

"Oh, know my daughter Ilida Jane has run away with the milkman."

"The mistake you are laboring under is this, sir. The play we intended bringing out is an old one by that title, and we know nothing of your private affairs; did we so, we would be the last persons to bring the soul harrowing, agonizing grief of a private individual for his disobedient daughter before the gaze of a promiscuous public."

"Oh! good gracious, you've lifted a load as heavy as the national debt off my mind; how can I thank you, sir?"

"Well, sir, it is but seldom that a man likes to tell the secrets of his pocket-book—I mean, heart—to a stranger; but we are a party of performers unappreciated by the public, without money to pay our board or take us home to those we have loved and left behind."

"Don't say another word, Micklewig. You talk like a minister, and, by George, it's money you want, I know; so send your bills to me, and I'll settle them for you.

The man was as good as his word. He not only paid our bills, but gave us twenty dollars apiece to take us home with, and you may rest assured that it needed no impetus to take us there. Of course, there was no "Clandestine Marriage" played that night.

About a year ago, as I was coming from the —— Theatre, in New York, I met our eccentric friend, with his daughter and her husband, emerging from Niblo's. He knew me, stopped, introduced his daughter and his son-in-law, and said:—

"Micklewig, I don't believe the theatre's so far wrong as people believe it to be; and if some of its slanderers would examine for themselves, as I have done, instead of regarding actors and actresses as nobodies, they would see they were as noble and self-sacrificing as though they wore a black coat and white choker. Them's my sentiments. Tildy Jane was right to marry in her own station, and this fellow at my elbow is a good, honest man, though *I* do say it. Tildy couldn't be happier if she'd married a crown prince; and when you have a benefit, Micklewig, just play 'The Clandestine Marriage,' and I'll fill the house for you."

NEW "COMBINATION SONG."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I
I suppose you all have heard
(But perhaps I may be wrong),
That curious and funny thing—
The "Combination Song."
'Tis the names of various ballads
Put down in jingling rhyme,
But a good many were omitted,
I suppose for want of time;
So I've strung a few together,
Some are old and some are new,
And I'll sing what I have written,
To amuse myself and you.

II.
"O, Willie we have missed you,"
Tho' "Some love to roam,"
"'Tis sweet to be remembered"—
"Do they think of me at home?"
"I wandered by the brookside,"
"John Anderson, my Joe,"
"Tho' you leave me now in sorrow"—
"Kiss me quick and let me go."
"By the banks of Allan water,"
"O, woodman, spare that tree,"
"I saw her at the window,"
"By the deep, blue sea."

III.
"O, I should like to marry"
"Jeanette and Jeanot;"
"What are the wild waves saying?"
"In the Bay of Biscay, O."
"I wish I was in Dixie,"
"Sparking Sunday night:"
"Thou art gone from my gaze."
And "May God defend the right."
"The dearest spot on earth,"
Is the "Red, White and Blue:"
"Vive la America!"
"Hoop de dooden do."

IV.
"On the road to Brighton,"
"I should'nt like to tell;"
"I have come from a happy land;"
"He doeth all things well."
"Rosalie, the prairie flower,"
"Your home can ne'er be mine;"
"O wait for the wagon,"
"Dandy Jim of Caroline."
"Write a letter to my mother,"
"I should like to die in the spring;"
"Away with melancholy,"
"I am saddest when I sing."

V.
"Will you come to the bower"
"By the sad sea wave;"
"Last week I took a wife—"
"She sleeps in her grave."
"Villikens and Dinah"
"Coming through the rye,"
"I would'nt were a boy again,"
"I would roger bye."
"I cannot dance to-night,"
For "My dream of love is o'er;"
"'Tis the last rose of summer"
"Knocking at the door."

VI.
"Ben Bolt" and "Johnny Schmoker"
"Marching along"
With "the fine old Irish gentleman,"
"Go it while you're young."
"When Johnny comes marching
Home"—"Home again,"
With "Dan Tucker," "Nettie Moore,"
"Kitty Clyde" and "Mary Blane,"
"O, Jordan is a hard road,"
"Touch not the cup."
"Rally round the flag, boys,"
"Sally, come up!" J. H. B.

ALMA MATER IN AN UPROAR;

OR,

The Professorial Squashes.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The freaks and follies of the academic career in its earlier stages furnish food for exhaustless libraries of wit, and are relished equally by our gravest citizens (who participated in them before entering upon the more serious duties of life), and by the rising generation, who are passing through the same time-honored ordeal. Perhaps the most irreverent lolterers in the sacred groves of academies (the "sacred groves of Nicodemus," a punning classmate was in the habit of nic-naming them), were those who now figure in the list of our most eminent divines, lawyers and statesmen.

Once upon a time I had, by chance, an unlucky acquaintance "of the name of" Podge. This was bad enough, considering that the youth was endowed with a highly romantic temperament; but, to make matters worse, his sponsors had christened him Hodge—so that the name, spelled out in full, read, literally, Hodge Podge—an unfortunate combination. As Shakespeare has it:—

"Nothing could'st thou to damnation add
More terrible than this!"

for it cost Podge the hand of more than one maid in the village, and utterly ruined the effect of his poetry. "Lines to a Canary Bird, by Byron Tremaine," might sound very fine, but "Lines to a Canary Bird, by Hodge Podge!"—fancy the juxtaposition!

Viewed in the abstract, there was nothing remarkable about Podge, except in the estimation of his indulgent parents, who, at an early stage in his history, had predicted for him no less an office than the Presidency of these United States, and having, even in his tender years, an expansive expression of countenance, he was despatched to college for the usual term of years, where he learned to imbibe strong fluids, to swear a little, to play a little, to miss his recitations about as often as any of his fellows, and to give himself such airs as are to be witnessed only in the members of the most respectable families. Sufficiently, though, in our vaunted institutions of learning, aristocracy is confined, of course, to the acquirements of the intellect, and not of the pocket; yet, true it is, that in all those little things which, in some cases—as, for instance, that of Master Baldorff, son of the [illegible] parents) merely idiosyncracies of character, were generally winked at in the youth of standing, while, only a few months after his matriculation, Podge, who boasted no higher paternity than an honest but successful shoemaker of Pottarangus County, came near being expelled with ignominy from the groves aforesaid, only because he had been so unfortunate as to get into a row, as usual, "with a smile on his face, for a pang at his heart," to quote the language of a poem privately

running, passing it to Forker and putting out Chapman and Zettlein. Crane and Start also made a double play, putting out Tracey and O'Brien. Dexsier and McCrea also added to the brilliancy of the play on the infield. Davenport pitched with considerable judgment, but he should have been relieved by McCrea in the latter part of the game. The Atlantics showed a decided improvement in their fielding over their last game with the Athletics. The entire nine were fully up to the mark, Pratt being the only exception. In one or two innings he was a trifle careless, which detracted from the excellent play all around. Smith was the only absentee. McDonald took his place, and fielded and batted in regular Atlantic fashion. Pratt went in to pitch on the fifth innings, and seemed more difficult to hit than Zettlein, and the Mohawks were glad when "The Charmer" resumed his position. The score will be found below, the extra columns denoting left on bases (L) and fly catches (F):—

Mohawk.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.	Atlantic.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
Tracy, 2d b	4	1	0	2		Pearson, r f	2	6	1	0	
O'Brien, 1 f	3	0	2	0		Start, 1st b	2	5	1	1	
McCrea, 3d b	3	1	1	0		Crane, 2d b	3	1	2	1	
Davenport, p	2	3	0	0		Mills, c	2	7	1	0	
Wiggins, c f	1	4	0	0		Ferguson, 3d b	2	3	0	0	
Forker, 1st b	3	1	1	0		Zettlein, p	4	3	0	1	
Lennon, c	4	1	0	2		Chapman, l f	2	6	0	2	
Dellisier, s s	4	0	1	1		Pratt, s s	2	4	0	1	
Miles, r f	3	2	0	0		McDonald, c	0	7	1	1	
Totals	27	13	5	5		Totals	27	58	5	7	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mohawk	0	2	1	0	0	2	1	5	2—13
Atlantics	1	0	4	0	1	6	13	6	6—35

Out on fouls—Mohawks, 4; Atlantics, 3. Home runs—Wiggins, 1; Miles, 1. Umpire—Mr. Pike, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Hudson and Monk. Time of game—Two hours ten minutes.

PRIZE GAME IN ALABAMA.

On the 28th ult., a match game for a bat and ball was played at Mobile, Ala., between the Pacific and St. Elmo Clubs, the result of which is as follows:—

Pacific.	H.	L.	R.
Conley, p	4	5	3
Killion, s s	3	6	3
McHugh, 1st b	2	5	3
Orimmel, 1 f	4	4	3
Gill, 3d b	3	5	3
Byrnes, 2d b	2	5	3
Desporte, r f	6	1	3
Boiling, c f	2	5	3
Prados, c	2	4	3
Total	35		31

St. Elmo.	H.	L.	R.
Scrivener, p	6	4	3
Gibson, 3d b	2	4	3
Miller, r f	3	5	3
Savage, s s	4	4	3
Dolive, 1st b	3	6	3
Read, 2d b	3	5	3
Ingersoll, c	4	5	3
A. Daune, c f	1	5	3
Rood, l f	1	4	3
Total			31

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Pacific	3	2	14	4	1	4	3	0	6	—36
St. Elmo	0	2	7	7	1	3	2	4	5	—31

Flies caught—Pacific, 6; St. Elmo, 3. Home runs—Dolive, 1. Muffed balls—Pacific, 7; St. Elmo, 7. Umpire—J. S. Collett, Dramatic Club. Scorers—F. S. Lavalet and J. M. Byrnes. Time of game—2 hours and 5 minutes.

The St. Elmos were lately presented with two beautiful silk foul flags by the Capitol City Club, of Montgomery, Ala., as a token of their appreciation of courtesies extended members of the latter who visited Mobile upon the occasion of the match between the Montgomery and Dramatic Clubs for the champion flag.

ECKFORD vs. ATHLETIC.

On Friday, 6th inst., at the Union Ground, the well known Eckford Club of Brooklyn, signalized their first appearance for the season of 1868, by a brilliant display of batting and fielding. Their opponents were the young Athletic Club, of Brooklyn—the organization with a name celebrated in the annals of the game as belonging to one of the best clubs in the country, but in this instance used by the veriest tyros in the profession. The Athletics did not make one of the three runs they are credited with on good batting. On the first innings they made one run on a dropped fly ball, and in the eighth innings another misplay and three called balls gave them two more. The batting of the Eckford's was the cleanest and safest we have seen this season, while their fielding was almost perfection. They may well be proud of their victory, for, without question, it was the best played game of the season, and the most one-sided score we have seen yet. The score is as follows:

Athletic.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.	Eckford.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
Minier, l f	4	0	2	2		Wood, 2d b	2	8	0	2	
Madden, c f	3	1	0	3		Nelson, s s	3	8	0	1	
Woods, r f	4	0	2	0		Patterson, l f	3	6	0	1	
Kelly, p	5	0	1	1		Ward, c	4	6	0	1	
Collyer, 3d b	3	0	0	3		Ecgler, c f	2	9	0	0	
Oliver, s s	1	1	0	2		Fesler, r f	3	7	1	1	
Van Benschoten, 2d b	3	0	1	1		Van Vlst, p	2	7	0	0	
Tilton, 1st b	1	1	1	0		Kline, 3d b	3	6	1	0	
Wilcox, c	3	0	1	1		Allison, 1st b	5	4	2	0	
Totals	27	3	7	11		Totals	27	60	5	2	12

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—3
Eckford	8	3	21	1	10	2	1	10	4	—60

Out on fouls—Athletic, 8; Eckford, 9. Home runs—Nelson, 1; Eggler, 1. Umpire, Mr. Mills, of the Atlantic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Brown and Watson. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.

RHODE ISLAND vs. MASSACHUSETTS.

We subjoin the score of a match game played on the 30th ult., between the Pacific, of Central Falls, R. I., and the Actives, of Attleborough, Mass., on the grounds of the latter:—

Pacific.	H.	L.	R.
C. Hood, 1 f	2	6	
F. Fuller, p	2	7	
G. R. Marshall, r f	4	5	
J. Hood, c	3	4	
R. Clarke, 3d b	3	5	
D. Dwyer, 2d b	4	2	
E. Balcom, s s	3	4	
C. Fields, 1st b	3	4	
C. Burnham, c	1	6	
Total	27	41	

Actives.	H.	L.	R.
Cassey, c	3	5	
Richards, p	2	4	
Sherman, s s	2	3	
Draper, 1st b	2	2	
Whitney, 2d b	3	2	
Saddler, 2d b	4	1	
Joyce, l f	2	3	
Stanley, c f	3	1	
Cadding, b f	1	6	
Total	27	31	

Umpire—Fred Crawford, of Mechanics B. B. C. Scorers—E. Little and Henry Letell. Time of Game—Two hours and 33 minutes.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

The Hoboken Spring Meeting.

THIRD AND LAST DAY.

The weather on Monday, June 1st, the third and last day of the Hoboken Race Meeting, was delightfully fine and pleasant, the sun shining warm and brilliantly, while a gentle breeze from the valley of the Hackensack agreeably tempered its rays. The course was in admirable order, and, as a necessary consequence, fast time was made. The attendance was very large, surpassing that of the two previous days combined, and may be estimated the number of persons present at over four thousand. The meeting, taken altogether, has been a decided success, the racing having been of an unusually high character, with large fields of horses, and close contests; and Colonel McDaniel may be congratulated on the result of his efforts to revive this meeting.

THE HURDLE RACE

was the first event on the card, for a purse of $400 to the first horse, and $100 to the second, two miles, over eight hurdles. The following six horses were entered:—Blackbird and Julius by Colonel McDaniel; Harry Booth by Col. Todd; Gerald, by J. H. Dowling, Eagle by Judge Ackerman, and Tycoon by General Brown. Julius did not start, the stable being represented by Blackbird, whose career, since he was put to hurdle racing, has been a most brilliant and successful one. He is a capital leaper, taking his hurdles in fine, clean style, while his speed across the flat is undeniable. Harry Booth is a good looking, well bred five year old, by Lexington, out of Blonde, who in this race made his *debut* on the turf; he was bred by Mr. John Hunter, who, finding him of no account or promise as a racer, sold him to his present owner, who at once put him to the jumping business, and he bids fair to distinguish himself in his new vocation. Eagle, it will be remembered, ran third to Norfolk, in the first Jersey Derby, in which race Kentucky could only gain fourth place, but it must be remembered that he was notoriously amiss at the time. Gerald, formerly known by the name of Head Centre, was a failure as a flat racer, and has therefore been converted into a hurdler, but does not look likely to shine in his new *role*. Tycoon is well known as a first class jumper, and also possesses a fine turn of speed; he won several hurdle races last year, but on this occasion was either out of form or was not "wanted." Gaffney had the mount of Blackbird, whose old jockey, Clement Alloway, under whose pilotage he won nearly all his victories, was now on Gerald, and evidently did not feel sanguine of success on his new mount. Tommy Lee was on Tycoon, whom he trains; Roche on Eagle, and Griffin on Harry Booth. The betting was one hundred to thirty on Blackbird, freely offered. Harry Booth took the lead, followed by Gerald over the first hurdle, with Blackbird next and Tycoon and Eagle following. The two leaders went nearly over the second hurdle side by side, three lengths before the favorite, Eagle bringing up the rear. They took the third hurdle in the same relative order, and Blackbird now began to close upon the leaders, and took a clean lead after turning into the home-stretch, jumping the fourth hurdle two lengths ahead, which he held on passing the stand, Harry Booth second, a length before Gerald. The favorite kept his lead over the two next hurdles, Booth being at his quarters over the one at the half mile pole. From this point Blackbird had the race in hand, for although Gerald and Tycoon came with a rush at the finish, he was never headed, but won by two lengths; Harry Booth second, three lengths before Gerald, who was a neck before Eagle, and Tycoon last. The first mile was run in 2:01, and the two miles in 4:01.

SECAUCUS COURSE, JUNE 1.—*Hurdle Race.*—Welter weights—premium $400 to the first horse, and $100 to the second; two miles, over eight hurdles.

	Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
Colonel D. McDaniel's bik h Blackbird, by imp. Albion, dam Penola, by imp. Ainderby, aged, 153 lbs				1
Colonel H. A. Todd's b h Harry Booth, by Lexington, out of Blonde, 5 years old, 142 lbs				2
Mr. J. H. Dowling's br g Gerald, 4 years old, by Mickey Free, 129 lbs				3
Mr. J. F. Ackerman's ch h Eagle, by Vandal, out of Edith, by imp. Sovereign		Aged.	152 lbs	4
General J. S. Brown's ch h Tycoon, by Gonsers, dam Nota Price, aged, 152 lbs				dr
Colonel D. McDaniel's b h Julius, by Lexington, out of Julia, by imp. Glencoe, aged				dr
	Time—4:01.			

THE SECOND RACE

was a post stake purse of $400, for three year olds, dash of a mile and a quarter. The entries were Vauxhall, from the Ohio stable of McConnell & Harness; Hotspur, from Mr. Sanford's; Wild Jessie from Mr. Dowling's, and an unnamed chestnut filly, by brother to Frank Allen, out of Jennie Rose, from the home stable of Col. McDaniel. Hotspur had never run before, and he was evidently not fully prepared; he is a powerful looking strawberry roan, very highly bred, being full brother to the renowned racer Asteroid. Wild Jessie is full sister to Morrisse, being by Breckenridge, out of Sophia. Vauxhall is a remarkably handsome, racing-like colt, by Lexington, out of Verona, by Yorkshire, and although he was beaten by Local on the first day of the meeting, not being up to the mark, he was made a warm favorite for this race, bringing in pools $150 to Wild Jessie, $45, Hotspur $40, and Col. McDaniel's filly $36. There were several false starts, but when the flag fell, Vauxhall jumped off in front, the Frank Allen second, Hotspur third, and Wild Jessie last. As they rattled past the stand at a tremendous pace, McDaniel's filly was leading Vauxhall a length, Hotspur two lengths behind, but a clear length before Wild Jessie. The filly carried on the running at a rattling pace, with Vauxhall at her saddle girths, until passing the half mile, where the favorite got on equal terms with her, Hotspur a length behind. A fine race along the third quarter between the filly and Vauxhall ensued, the others being out of the race and falling back beaten. Half way up the quarter-stretch Vauxhall challenged McDaniel's filly, ran her down in a few strides and galloped home an easy winner by four lengths in the fast time of 2:14. Hotspur was third and Wild Jessie last.

SAME DAY.—Post stake premium for three year olds of $400, one and a quarter mile dash.

Messrs. McConnell & Harness entered b c Vauxhall, by Lexington, dam Verona, by Yorkshire.
Col. McDaniel entered ch f, by brother to Frank Allen, dam Jennie Rose, by Glencoe. 2
M. H. Sanford entered g c Hotspur, by Lexington, dam Nebula. 3
Mr. Dowling entered b f Wild Jessie, by Breckenridge, dam Sophia, by Bonnie Scotland. 4
Time, 2:14.

THE THIRD RACE

was the consolation purse of $350, for beaten horses at this meeting, dash of a mile and a half, and was contended for by McConnell and Harness' br c Lanzumberg, Mr. H. A. Hopper's ch c Egotist, Mr. J. H. Dowling's b f Jewess, and Col. McDaniel's pair, Red Dick and Doncallon filly. Luxemburg had the call against the field in the betting, and in some pools sold for $200; Egotist, $80; Red Dick, $60; and Jewess, $5. Red Dick was first off, and made the running, with Luxemburg second, Egotist next and Jewess last, and they passed the stand in this order, the half mile being run in 55 seconds. After passing the quarter pole the race was left to Red Dick and Doncallon, the others being hopelessly beaten. Red Dick held his lead of two lengths to the end, for the favorite, despite his rider's efforts, never got to him, and Col. McDaniel's horse won cleverly in Luxemburg second, Egotist third, four lengths before Red Dick, and Jewess last. The last mile was run in summary:—

Time—Consolation premium of $200 for beaten horses at this meeting; seven pounds allowed to those beaten once, and ten pounds allowed to those beaten twice; dash of a mile and a half.

Col. McDaniel entered b h Red Dick, by Lexington, out of Alabama, 5 yrs	1
Messrs. McConnell and Harness entered br h Luxemburg, by imp. Sovereign, dam by Lexington, 6 yrs	2
Mr. A. A. Hopper entered ch c Egotist, by Eclipse, out of Vanity, 4 yrs	3
Colonel D. McDaniel entered ch f by Doncallon, dam by Commodore, 3 yrs	4
Mr. J. H. Dowling entered ch f Jewess, by Breckenridge, out of Rebecca, by Glencoe, 3 yrs	5
Time, 2:45¼.	

THE FOURTH AND LAST RACE

was one of two mile heats for a purse of $750, and for it only three horses were entered and started. These were Mr. J. Pennock's ch c James A. Connolly; Col. McDaniel's Urbana, and Mr. Dunham's Oysterman, Jr. Opposed to such a weak field, the betting men did not hesitate to lay the long odds of $100 to $20 on Connolly, a horse of proved speed and bottom.

FIRST HEAT.—The favorite took the lead as soon as the drum tapped, and made the running under a strong pull. After going a mile and a quarter Urbana made a determined effort to collar him, but, failing to do so, fell back beaten, and Connolly won "in a walk" in 3:47, the first mile being run in 1:56¼. Oysterman, Jr., was distanced.

SAME DAY—TROTTING.—Purse, $——; ten miles, in harness.

Mr. Clark's g g Whalebone	1
Mr. Blanchard's b m Viola	2
Time, 33:33½.	

SECOND HEAT.—Although one hundred to five was freely offered on Connolly, no takers could be found. Col. McDaniel asked permission of the judges to draw his horse, as he was terribly distressed, but they refused, and the Colonel consequently ordered Urbana's rider to gallop him leisurely around, so as not to injure the horse. The result was Connolly took things easily at a hand gallop, and won the heat and race in 4:56. This event terminated the meeting.

SAME DAY.—Premium of $750; all ages, two mile heats.

Thomas Puryear's ch c James A. Connolly, by Vandal, dam by imp. Margrave	1 1
Col. D. McDaniel's g c Urbana, by Breckenridge, out of Lady Sykes, 4 yrs	2dis.
D. M. Dunham's b c Oysterman, Jr., by Oysterman, dam by Phil. Brown, 4 yrs	dis.
Time, 3:47; 4:56.	

Trotting on the Fashion Course, L. I.

During the past week the Fashion Course, L. I., has been the scene of a number of important and exciting trotting contests. A match for a purse of $100, mile heats, best three in five, between Peter Manee's g g Little Rat, sometimes also called Sheiah's Ghost, to a 90 lb. wagon, and James Dugnery's b m Lady Lovell, in harness, was trotted on the 30th ult. The horse with the *alias* is a small, skeleton like specimen of horse flesh, about thirteen hands high, and 600 lbs in weight, and spavined in both hind legs. Lady Lovell, previously known as Lady Emma, is a bay mare a little over fifteen hands high, and is half sister to Rose Washington. The betting was even between them, and the first and second heats were won by Little Rat, while Lady Lovell took the third, when the owner of the first named withdrew him and all bets were declared off. The time was 2:58¼; 2:53½; 2:53.

FASHION COURSE, L. I., May 30.—Match $100; mile heats, 3 in 5.

P. Manee entered g g Little Rat	1 2
J. Dugrey entered b m Lady Lovell	2 1
Time, 2:56¾; 2:53½; 2:53.	

Immediately afterwards, a match for $400, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between W. Borst's g g Little Louis, and John Edgell's g g Frank, was trotted, the latter winning in three straight heats. The following is a summary:—

SAME DAY.—Match 400; mile heats; best three in five, in harness.

John Edgell entered g g Gray Horse Frank	1 1 1
Wm. Borst entered g g Little Louis	2 2 2
Time, 2:43; 2:33; 2:43.	

On Friday, the 5th inst., a sweepstakes trot for $300, mile heats, in harness, came off over this track. It was between J. Haslett's chesnut mare, Mr. Engemin's b g Quaker Boy, and Mr. Bloom's brown mare. The latter won the second heat, and Haslett's mare the first, third and fourth, the time being as follows:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—Friday, June 5.—Sweepstakes $300, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

M. Rodin entered ch m	1 2 1 1
Mr. Engemin entered b g Quaker	3 3 2 2
Mr Bloom entered br m	2 1 3 3
Time, 2:47; 2:46½; 2:52; 2:51.	

In the match for $500, mile heats, best three in five, between M. Rodin's br m Lady Woodlawn, to wagon, and Mr. Lovell's b m Lady Lovell, in harness, the latter paid forfeit.

Trot Under Saddle for $5,000

BETWEEN GENERAL BUTLER AND LUCY—LUCY THE WINNER.

TIME, 2:25½; 2:26; 2:22½!!!

The great trotting match between the famous young trotting mare Lucy, and the well known black gelding General Butler, for the large stake of $2,500 a side, mile heats, best three in five, under saddle, attracted several thousand persons to the Fashion Course, L. I., on Wednesday, the 3d inst. The day was all that could be desired for the sport, and the course was in excellent order for fast time being made. It was well known that General Butler was a tremendously fast horse under saddle, having trotted a mile in 2:21 in a match against George M. Patchen, and consequently the interest in this race with the promising young mare Lucy was very great among horsemen. Lucy, as we have before mentioned, is a Bashaw mare, being by George M. Patchen out of a May Day mare, and is a handsome looking, fine sized, bay mare, with a white stripe in her face. She has frequently trotted in harness, but this was her first race under saddle, and in it she was admirably ridden by her trainer, Budd Doble. John Murphy rode Gen. Butler.

FIRST HEAT.—Lucy had a strong call in the pool betting, bringing $300 to Butler's $105; outside offers of $100 to $40 were current, and met with ready takers. The black gelding won the pole, and after six failures, owing to his wildness, they got the word to a capital send off, trotting side by side to the turn, where Butler broke up, and Lucy, going ahead, was four lengths before him at the quarter pole in 38½ seconds. They trotted steadily down the backstretch, past the ruins of the old stand and to the half mile pole in 1:11¼, with the gap between them still undiminished. Rounding into the Flushing stretch General Butler broke again and Lucy, increasing her lead slowly, came home a winner of the heat in a slow jog by over eight lengths. Time, 2:25½.

SECOND HEAT.—There was no betting, as no one would back the contraband. A good start was had, Butler breaking directly afterwards, and the mare went away with a lead of four lengths around the turn, and to the quarter pole in 37½ seconds. Passing this point, Butler broke again, and the mare was six lengths ahead at the half mile pole in 1:13. Breaking twice in succession on the Flushing stretch Butler's chance of the heat was extinguished, for Lucy trotted leisurely up the home stretch a winner by four lengths in 2:26.

THIRD HEAT.—The tempting offers of one hundred to ten were received in silence, while offers to take one hundred to five led to no business. As before, Butler broke soon after getting the word and repeated it seven times during the heat; first at the quarter pole, then on the backstretch, a third time at the half mile pole, twice at the Flushing end and twice on the home-stretch, losing ground every time. Lucy trotted to the quarter in 36 secs; to the half mile in 1:10, where she was a dozen lengths ahead, and won the heat in 2:22½; making but one break in the race.

FASHION COURSE, L. I., June 3.—Match $2,500, mile heats, best three in five, under the saddle.

B. Doble named b m Lucy, by George M. Patchen	1 1 1
J. Murphy named blk g General Butler, by Smith Burr	2 2 2

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	0:36½	1:11¼	2:25½
Second heat	0:37½	1:13	2:26
Third heat	0:37	1:10	2:22½

During the heats a match for $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between Jas. Dugrey's b s Ben Wood, and a black Canadian stallion trained by Alec. Patterson, was trotted. The latter is a large, powerfully built Canadian horse, just arrived from Canada, where, having shown some speed, he was purchased by a New Yorker for a large price. Ben Wood has already been described in these columns; he is a promising young bay horse, by a grandson of Engineer, by Napoleon, out of Fanny Pullen. The black stallion, who was the favorite before the start at about five to two, was driven by a Canuck driver, but in such a miserable manner that, after Ben Wood had won the first two heats in 2:41¼, 2:41¼, he was taken out and Roden substituted. The change was a good one, for under his new driver the black won the next three heats and the race, upsetting the odds of $100 to $40 that had been laid upon Ben Wood. We give the summary:—

SAME DAY.—Match for $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Alex. Patterson named blk h			2	2	1 1 1
James Dugrey named b h Ben Wood			1	1	2 2 2
Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.		
First heat	0:41	1:19	2:41½		
Second heat	0:40	1:20	2:41½		
Third heat	0:40	1:21	2:40½		
Fourth heat	0:40	1:19	2:38		
Fifth heat	0:39	1:18	2:36½		

The third event of this day, so prolific in sport, was a match against Time, for $500, one mile, under the saddle, the black gelding Rapid having to beat 2:30, three trials being allowed him if required. He was ridden by John Murphy, and a running horse was chosen for a companion to keep him up to his best rate of speed. The first attempt was a failure, the mile being trotted in 2:32¾. In the second attempt, however, Rapid was successful, performing the distance in 2:27¾.

SAME DAY.—Match $500, one mile in 2:30, under saddle. Rapid *vs.* Time. The horse to have three heats if required.

John Murphy named blk g Rapid, under saddle			2 1
Mr. —— named Time, on the wing			1 2
Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First trial	0:37½	1:15	2:32¾
Second trial	0:36½	1:13	2:27¾

On Thursday, the 4th inst., a match between two mares, trained by Alec. Patterson and John Murphy, came off upon the Fashion Course. It was for $500, mile heats, and the subjoined summary shows the result:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—Thursday, June 4.—Match $500; mile heats.

Alec. Patterson named br m	1 1
John Murphy named s m	2 2
Time, 3:00; 2:57.	

During the afternoon, while this match was in progress, Commodore Vanderbilt's famous gelding Mountain Boy trotted a mile and repeat for a trial. He trotted to the half-mile pole in 33½ secs, and was at the three-quarter pole—making the half-mile—in 1:08, passed the stand in 1:45, and finished the mile in 2:23¾. After the lapse of twenty minutes he was repeated, starting from the same point. He made the first quarter in 34 secs, the half-mile in 1:08¾, three-quarters of a mile in 1:46, and finished the mile in 2:24.

Trotting in Massachusetts.

The proprietors of the Riverside Park, situated a short distance from the Modern Athens, are deserving of much encouragement and support for the energy which they display in catering for the delectation of that portion of the community who take pleasure in the sports of the turf, and we are pleased to note that a liberal patronage is bestowed upon this track. The past week has been fraught with exciting contests between equine quadrupeds there, and the largest assemblage of the season gathered on the 1st inst. to witness the double entertainment presented, embracing a trot between horses that had never beaten 2:50, and tight-rope performances by the hero of Niagara, Harry Leslie. The race was mile heats, best three in five, to wagon, for a century in greenbacks, and out of six entries the following horses came to the post:—T. Russell's Black Jim, Lon Morris' Boston and Chas. Taylor's Lady Cassius, the horses starting in the above positions.

Jim in first heat Boston led off around the turn, with Black Jim in close pursuit and the mare bringing up the rear. These positions were not altered during the heat and Boston was declared the winner in 2:42, Jim second, and Cassius barely saving her distance. The second heat resulted differently. J. J. Bowen drove Jim in this heat, and after the word was given he hung with such pertinacity to Boston's wheel as to send the latter off his feet on the backstretch. During the remainder of the heat Boston did not "do his prettiest," but on the home stretch a lively brush ensued between Jim and Cassius, the former winning in 2:43.

Boston acted quite sore, although he remained close to his competitors during the first quarter. The contest for the honors lay between Black Jim and Lady Cassius, and the black gelding won by a length in 2:42½. The fourth heat he also won, with the race, in 2:44¼, Cassius being second. The following is a summary:—

RIVERSIDE PARK, Monday, June 1.—Purse $130; for horses that never beat 2:50; mile heats, three in five, to wagons.

J. J. Bowen named blk g Black Jim			2	1	1 1
Wm. Woodruff named br g Boston			1	2	3 3
C. Taylor named br m Lady Cassius			3	3	2 2
Time, 2:42; 2:43; 2:42½; 2:44¼.					

Between the third and fourth heats Leslie executed his tight-rope feats. Two poles, eighty feet high, had previously been erected inside the track and directly opposite the track house. The rope was secured to these poles, the distance intervening between the two being about 150 feet. He first walked from one pole to the other, and in returning attached his balancing rod to the rope and executed a variety of gymnastic feats; also kneeling, sitting and reclining at length upon the rope. At the conclusion of the race he walked backward upon the rope from pole to pole and then returned blindfolded. He was frequently greeted with applause, and his last feats closed the afternoon's entertainment.

On the following day, 30th inst., there was another large concourse of turfites, attracted by the contest for a premium of one hundred dollars between Lady Cassius, Lady Allen and Billy Pitcher. In drawing for choice of position Lady Allen obtained the pole, Billy second place and Cassius the outside. After several attempts a good send-off was effected, Lady Allen shaking off her competitors at the turn, leading Pitcher a length and Cassius two lengths at the half mile pole, and finally winning in 2:47¼. The second heat was closely disputed, Allen and Cassius being nearly abreast around the first half, when the former broke up and Cassius won easily in 2:44¾. Pitcher kept the lead until he turned into the home stretch of the first half of the second heat, when Cassius crept upon him and forged ahead. She passed the stand leading by a length, with Allen in pursuit and Pitcher dancing in the rear. Cassius held the lead, however, and subsequently increased it, winning in 2:43¾. The fourth heat was also well contested, but Lady Cassius finally came home in 2:46, and was declared the winner of the race. Summary:—

RIVERSIDE PARK, Tuesday, June 2.—Purse $100; for green horses, mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagons.

C. Taylor entered br m Lady Cassius			3	1	1 1
Wm. Woodruff entered br m Lady Allen			1	3	2 2
D. Begley entered b g Billy Pitcher			2	2	3 3
Time, 2:47¼; 2:44¾; 2:43¾; 2:46.					

Trotting Match at Poughkeepsie

BETWEEN

AMERICAN GIRL AND GOLDSMITH'S MAID, FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS—AN EXCITING RACE OF SIX HEATS.

The trotting contest for a purse of $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between W. Lovell's b m American Girl and Mr. A. Goldsmith's b m Goldsmith's Maid, which for some time past has created considerable excitement among turfmen, came off on the three-quarter mile trotting course at Poughkeepsie. The Maid has trotted a mile heat in 2:24¼, while American Girl has done half a mile in 1:11, to a heavy wagon Orange County went their pile on Goldsmith's Maid, who was bred and is owned among them, while Westchester County as pluckily backed their favorite, the American Girl. At first the betting was $100 to $60 on the Maid, but the odds gradually became reduced, until the betting was even and at the start the above quoted odds were offered on American Girl.

FIRST HEAT.—A good start, both getting equally off, and trotting to the quarter together. From this point the Maid drew away, and won the heat cleverly by a length in 2:27¾.

SECOND HEAT.—The betting was now $100 to $90 on Goldsmith's Maid. Both broke on the first quarter but the Maid, settling to steady work first, took the lead, which she kept throughout, winning the heat by a length in 2:28.

THIRD HEAT.—They went side by side to the quarter, where the Maid broke and American Girl, passing her, went ahead and won by a couple of lengths in 2:28.

FOURTH HEAT.—A splendid head and head race for half a mile, when American Girl drew away and crossed the score a head in front in 2:30, but the judges decided it a dead heat.

FIFTH HEAT.—American Girl kept in front all the way through, and won by a short length in 2:31¾.

SIXTH HEAT.—The Maid broke badly in this heat and her opponent, American Girl, won the heat and race by half a length in 2:31¾. Summary:—

POUGHKEEPSIE, JUNE 4.—Trotting match, $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Mr. Lovell named b m American Girl			2	2	1	0 1 1
Mr. Goldsmith named b m Goldsmith's Maid			1	1	2	0 2 2
Time, 2:27¾; 2:28; 2:28; 2:30; 2:32½; 2:31¾.						

The Cincinnati Races.

In last week's issue we published the result of the first three days' racing at the Buckeye Course, and herewith give the summaries of the succeeding events:—

FOURTH DAY.

MAY 28.—Purse $530, and stake $25 each; two mile heats, for 4 year olds—15 entries.

J. M. Clay's ch c Victory	1 1
J. Sutcliffe's ch m Tranquil	2 2
H. B. Bohannon's ch c by Australian, dam by Sarpedon	3 3
Time, 3:57¼; 4:03¾.	

SAME DAY.—Purse $650; handicap, mile heats, three in five, for all ages.

Owner's b c John Porter			1	1 1
J. Bayless' b h Ooltawah			2	3 3
C. Meara's b g Rabbit Hash			5	5 2
S. J. Morgan's ch f Easter Monday			4	4 4
A. B. Halsbird's b m Birdy Bird			3	2dis.
Cadwallader and West's b f by Australian			6	dis.
B. G. Bruce's blk c Jerry Sparkle			6	dis.
Time, 1:55¾; 1:55; 1:52.				

FIFTH DAY.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4.—Restaurant Purse, $300, for all ages; mile heats.

James Woodford's b f Woodford Belle, 4 years old			1	1 1
John Kilgore's b m Saratoga, 5 years old			2	2 2
Time, 1:49½; 1:49½; 1:51½.				

SAME DAY.—The Butchers' Purse of $150, for all ages; a dash of two miles.

Second Jackson's ch c Dick Jackson, 3 years old	1
John Kilgore's b f by imp. Australia	2
N. B. Cheatham's ch f Idyla, 4 years old	3
Time—First mile, 1:56½; second mile, 1:52. Total, 3:48½.	

THE PROVIDENCE RACES.—Arrangements upon an extensive scale are being made for the approaching Spring Meeting at Narragansett Park, near Providence, R. I., and if the weather but proves propitious, the races will, it is thought, prove the most successful of any held in that vicinity. The meeting will be inaugurated on Tuesday, 16th inst., and continue until the 18th, inclusive. The entries embrace some of the most celebrated trotters in the country, among others, Patchen, Wilkes, Commodore Vanderbilt, Lady Thorn, Lucy and Mountain Boy, and the premiums offered are very liberal, amounting, in the aggregate, to six thousand four hundred and fifty dollars.

DEXTER IN TRAINING.—The renowned king of the trotting turf, the immortal Dexter, has just been placed by Mr. Bonner in the hands of his old trainer, Budd Doble, not with a view of match making for money, but in the confident expectation that, with proper training, his speed will so increase that he will be able, during the summer, to beat his own unparalleled time of 2:17¼.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

Up to the time of writing, we are without details of the great race for the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf," at Epsom, and only know the mere results given in last week's CLIPPER. The reports, professing to have been received by cable telegraph, are utterly unreliable, and are, in a great degree, manufactured in this city. One of the daily papers started a rumor that the Marquis of Hastings had committed suicide in consequence of the defeat of his filly, the first favorite, Lady Elizabeth, in the Derby, but this had no foundation except in the vivid imagination of their turf reporter, who also gives the names of the horses that started, and a detailed sensational description of the race, all manufactured expressly for the occasion. In our next issue we shall be able to give the interesting details in full.

The Bath Races commenced on the 19th ult., and the meeting was, as usual, productive of some very sensational results. It is true that none of the leading Derby favorites suffered the process of being "knocked out," as so many have done in years past at this meeting. The defeat of Achievement and Speculum, the former by Julius and the latter by Grimston, are the events we refer to. The sport opened with the Lansdown Trial Stak

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to havethem appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, June 8, '68.

THE FORCE of example is a terrible thing, and if the example is not founded on Faith, Hope and Charity, it makes very odd fellows of some people. The artists of the stage, of the sawdust and minstrelsy are little aware how great a load of responsibility rests upon their shoulders. Through their connivance and instrumentality our juvenile are rapidly being converted into Edwin Booths, Tony Pastors, William Birches and Cynocephaluses. Having got an eye full of the circus, they establish imitation sawdust circles in the nursery, leap over their big sisters' garters, jump through their hoops and turn flip flaps equal to any of our full-fledged Congressional professional somersaulters, and otherwise risk their unprecious necks by attempts at rivaling Airee on the clothes line; next we find them with blackened faces and huge shin bones, going through the first part of a minstrel entertainment in the drawing room. A terrible bump and a howl from the garret announces where little Tommy has fallen from the rafters in endeavoring to perform the "Niagara Leap." All sister's prepared chalk, with which she gives herself "that beautiful complexion," is appropriated by the versatile Neddy to imitate the clown; and chignons, if not put under double lock and key, are seized upon in a trice, being abstracted to make wigs like Wallack's in the melo-drama. Carpets are worn out by incipient Bryants dancing breakdowns; glass and crockery are smashed in attempts to imitate Heller; the great aquarium is shivered into a thousand pieces in an abortive effort to do the Fish Trick; whole baskets of wine are used in trying to "get up" in the bottle feat; and only the other day little Billy Jones came near putting a bullet through his sister's frontispiece in trying to perform the "Great Pistol Trick," the sweet and precious little William "stuffing her and ramming her down" with bullet cartridges clear up to the muzzle, "so as to make a sure thing of it," while the infantile Fred. set his throat on fire by undertaking to swallow a bunch of burning tow, which he intended to convert into ribbons. What it will all result in, goodness knows. It was only last Monday that Jimmy Jinkins borrowed our "bran-new hat," to show the family how nicely he would make a pudding in it. After breaking a dozen eggs in it, mixing the same with a quart of milk and two pounds of flour, the villainous little vagabond said he "guessed he couldn't do it!".....Ah, well, let us turn from these unflowery paths to other themes that strike us. There's the divine Heron, for instance; she who, erstwhile, gave prominence to that fair but frail creature, the consumptive Camille. Heron has been fished up again since our last, giving us a new version of Miss Camille's "last dying moments," in so far as to die of joy instead of cruel disease. Well, Matilda is rather too healthy a person to make a natural consumptive corpse, and we congratulate the lady on the change she has effected with so little trouble. It is very seldom that a death scene is thus altered, and we raise our hat to Miss Heron in acknowledgement of the success of her treatment of the old disease. "Our Jim" will now grind out a few turns of the crank of our poetic machine, and grind out—

A GREETING FOR HERON.
Amid all the changes when social ills
Have multiplied till no one knows
How far the gentle fair to trust,
While more censorious still man grows,
'Tis pleasant to reflect that here
One stage is found, on which the woes
And sorrows of the *demi-monde*
Are shown to sympathetic rows,
Who first condemn, then pity feel,
And then embrace, one might suppose,
While o'er their miseries some few doze,
As tear drops trickle down the nose;
Each night young ladies with spruce beaux,
To Broadway Theatre, trembling goes
To see (and ape) Camille (who knows?)
But, lest I tread on some one's toes,
My pen must hasten to a close.
In short, I like these kind of shows,
By which the hearer's blood is froze,
By plain, unvarnished English prose;
And, until I'm put down,
When fair Matilda Heron blows
And sobs, and snorts, and falls in pose,
At which, my nasal horn I blows,
While poor Camille confronts her foes,
And ever o'er her downfall crows,
And, in the gallery, even those
Who sell the news or "take de hose,"
Feel torn by agonizing throes,
'Till Camille pays the debt she owes
To Nature; but, if need arose,
I might prolong this, if I chose,
So up the thankless task I throws,

——The machine is supposed to have given out at this juncture, although the poet assures us that he has still half a dozen similar rhymes at his disposal, but we must no longer make light of the heavies, else the theatre will have no peace; and though it is our province to shoot folly at the flies, it may not be just the thing to wing it.....Did you ever see the drama from behind? A great difference is seen when the scene is seen from a rear-ward standpoint. The actors don't seem the same as seen from a front view; they come through the wings and elbow you as though you were "the harbinger of some dismal news!" The tinsel don't look at night and the sweet smile has died away from the face of the pretty little warbler who but now "drew plaudits from the admiring throng," albeit "the roseate blush still mantles her cheek," which it is "Gouraud's Liquid Rouge," mayhap. And when you hear a flute-like voice exclaim:—"Ah! here comes Rudolph, flying on the wings of love," the romance is completely lost when you see the unpoetic Ru. standing beside you and hear him ask for a "chew of tobacco." Most true it is, as "part of the scenes" will go a great ways and lessen your faith in the loveliness of all things here below. There is a curious mixture

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.
Those who go to the show so gay,
And see much joy and fun in play,
Know little what they do or say
Behind the curtain.

There may be sickness at the heart,
Yet each and all must play their part,
But ever one will drop all art
Behind the curtain.

There may be many a petty spite
Between the actors of the night;
You'll see them drop their airs polite
Behind the curtain.

There may be one a little high,
With thickened tongue and bloodshot eye,
Which shows, when on them, there's no lie
Behind the curtain.

And seen upon the mimic stage
Are friends who in love's arts engage,
But who will glare with fiercest rage
Behind the curtain.

There may be those, too, whose dread ire
Upon the stage will never tire,
Yet who each other do admire
Behind the curtain.

We've said there may be great mishaps—
But were you there, you'd see, perhaps,
Mere scenes, and ropes, and grooves, and traps
Behind the curtain.

But the thing is of another color in front, of "which you all do know," and of which it is scarcely necessary for us to write. We often hear queer remarks in the auditorium of a theatre. We looked in at the old Bowery a few nights ago, for we always "find food for serious reflection" in the theatre which holds the mirror up to nature on the east side of town. It was our lot to get a seat in the pit in the rear of a couple of the shining lights of metropolitan life, those young gentlemen who, while zealously striving to add the polish on the understanding of others, are too frequently neglectful of their own habits. These young persons were favored with a liberal flow of language, and though their speech was not of a high grammatical construction, nevertheless their meaning was not lost upon each other. They prided themselves on their sporting proclivities as well as theatrical, and were withal fellows of infinite jest, if the following diagnosis of their dialogue, which took place between the acts, may be accepted as a specimen thereof:—

First Boy.—Say, Jim, don't you think a theatre'd make a good place for a upholsterer to tie up in?

Second Boy.—I don't know but what it would, 'cause curtains is always goin' up in it.

First Boy.—Which it isn't the thing, 'cause curtains falls there, too, which'd make it a drop game for 'em. The reason why a theatre ought to be a money-making shanty for the upholsterer is, 'cause the house often has to be "papered."

Second Boy.—Right you are, Billy McDowl. Talkin' of the play, Billy, what do you think is the noblest Roman of 'em all?

First Boy.—My dad's about the biggest rum 'un I knows on.

Second Boy.—Which it isn't him. The noblest Ro-man of 'em all is the champion carsman.

First Boy.—See here, Billy, do you know why the ticket office of a theatre is like a sparring gallery?

Second Boy.—May be its 'cause of the knock downs going on in 'em.

First Boy.—No! that ain't it; 'cause both of 'em is *box* offices.

Second Boy.—That isn't bad for you, Jimmy. Why does them there shape up in the gallery think 'emselves better than us chaps in the pit.

First Boy.—Because they move in the upper circles, I guess.

Second Boy.—Dunno not, it's 'cause they're above, nothing us.

At this juncture the orchestra struck up, and says "Our Jim" to us, says he, as a sort of crusher to the conversation we had just listened to—"Them there musicians ought to be good sort of people, for they can't go back on the Bible." "As how?" we responded. "'Cause they can take the pitch and not be disfiled." After which sage remark he gave the "First and Second Boy" a kick, as much as to say "I don't take anybody's dirt, I don't." .....The style of thing which is dignified of late by the title of play may be hit off in the following rhymes:—

Dazzle and glitter, spatter and splash,
Scenic effects worth a million in cash;
Pretty girls skipping and hopping and bobbing,
Verdant young men of their silly hearts robbing.
Dresses of muslin without neck or skirt,
Arms, legs and bosoms, young damsels that flirt,
Fireworks fizzling to make people nervous,
Supers and sticks by the score, at your service.
Fairies in spangles and demons in tights,
Fuss and confusion, love, laughter and fights;
Monsters forbidding in pasteboard costume,
Traps, tricks and changes the time to consume;
Marches, processions, more skipping and dancing,
Songs, duets, choruses, shower of bouquets;
Coryphees into the side boxes glancing,
Dancuses bending and smiling for praise.
Kid gloves, patchouli, fans and forgotties,
Public encoring their favorite pets;
Orchestra crashing and screaming and squealing,
Scenes sliding down, greater wonders revealing;
Dialogue well interlarded with jokes,
Conjuror dark who the devil invokes—
These the ingredients sought for to-day
To make up a popular, house-filling play.

Manager Wheatley has certainly contrived to run these innovations upon the dramatic stage, but we must not condemn him, for without public support and approval the sensational and spectacular would not be able to stand upon its legs a week. But brother Wheatley is now enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*. After life's fitful fever, he sleeps often, but his dreams are frequently disturbed by the spirits of those who have "gone before." Behold him there! He is supposed to have stretched himself upon his lounge for an hour's sleep, when his conscience is tormented by a visit from a long line of theatrical shades, who reproach him with the havoc he has occasioned in the walks of the legitimate drama, in manner like unto that which befel Richard 3.

THOMAS BARRY—*rises:*
Let me sit heavy on thy soul henceforward.
Think how thou'st serv'd us, thou ambitious youth,
At Niblo's theatre with Crooks and Fawns,
Depraving taste for all that's good and true
For money merely. Wallack hold thy courage,
Keep a stiff upper lip, ye Booths and Forests,
For know the insurrection has tormented so its
Of slighted actors fight in your behalf.

COOPER'S *spirit:*
When I was mortal my annointed body,
To use a metaphor, you punched full of holes.
Think on the poor Legitimate, and despair,
For higher than a kite thy folly's knock'd it.

Ghost of HAMBLIN.
Rienzi's soul and proud Arbace's shade
Remind thee of the havoc thou hast made,
To minor theatres condemned by thee,
The poor legitimate, whose devotees
Have hungry grown and lean, fights hard for life,
And gasps at old times only.

Ghost of PLACIDE.
Tho' by name Placid, yet I'm in a rage
To see this desecration of the stage.
Those "good old comedies" no longer draw
With which the public's ears we used to bore,
While legs and bosoms have bewitched the town.

Ghost of CHIPPENDALE.
In Coleman's name and Congreve's, Cibber's, too,
I also deprecate the wrong you do.

Ghost of BOOTH, *the Elder.*
Pescara, the apostate, whom I knew,
Has a fit representative in you.
Not Richard only used the serried line
Of Shakespeare's heros—those of Massinger
And Knowles make outcry loud against the wrongs.

Ghost of GEORGE BARRETT.
Those sentiments are mine.

About one hundred ghosts, altogether:
And mine! And mine.
Wheatley awake! to guilty minds a terrible example.
[*They vanish..*]

WHEATLEIGH *awakes and rolls off lounge.*
Give me another horse—bind up my wounds,
'Gad, what a fright I'm in! 'twas but a dream.
O! coward conscience how thou dost afflict me.
Methought the souls of all my early chums
Who at Old Drury shared the palm with me,
Came to reproach me. Yet on grounds how slight
These stale complaints are based. E'er since the day
I did the babe in Rosina's cot name, while the
First Malibran and Pasta pav'd the way,
Then came Celeste and Elsler lithe and gay,
Fair Taglioni and Augusta sweet,
Who set the town on fire—as I have done.
Would you revive the stage legitimate,
Send me a score of playwrights, who will bring
Such food as pleased the palates of your sires
When tragedy and comedy soared high;
All else is stale—so stale that school-boys even
Spout Shakespeare and his cronies as a task,
And silly pens burlesque them. Until then,
More me no more with such complaints as these;
My aim as manager was alone to please.
If that's secured, my conscience is at ease.
[*Goes to his dinner dancing and mapping his fingers.*]

THE LOTTA-CRABTREE AFFAIR.—Quite a number of highly colored reports have been published in the St. Louis papers, and pretty extensively copied in the east, relative to this affair, which is but a family difficulty. Mr. Crabtree arrived in this city on June 2d, since which time he has, instead of hiding himself, appeared in the most frequented places, which is not the way a man does who has robbed any one and intends to leave for Europe. That Mr. Crabtree took about $28,000 in bonds and cash is true—the earnings of his daughter, and so long as she remains single and under age—which she is at present—all money earned by her is his property. The statement that he had left Lotta destitute is also untrue, as she had over $1,400 in cash, besides several hundred dollars' worth of jewelry, together with mortgages on other property. Lotta and her mother arrived in this city on the 3d inst. and took rooms at the Metropolitan Hotel, and on the evening of the 4th attended the San Francisco Minstrels, after which we saw them at Niblo's in company with Mr. Crabtree, and everything appeared to be settled. Mr. Crabtree was arrested on the 3d and taken to headquarters, but was detained only a short time, as Lotta appeared and requested his discharge. Mr. Crabtree says he intends settling the money on the family, after which he sails for Europe to settle up some property he has there.

PETE FISHER, impersonator of female character, sailed for California on the 5th inst.

THE STEAMSHIP GERMANIA, which left Southampton for this port May 29th, will bring the delegation of singers from Germany who are to take part in the Chicago Sængerfest.

EDWIN KELLY, after an absence of several months from the stage, re-appears this evening, on which occasion Kelly & Leon's Minstrels will appear for the first time in Leon's latest burlesque of "La Bell L. N." which is to be produced in a manner that promises to surpass anything previously attempted by this company, as regards scenic effect, magnificence of costume and general mounting of the burlesque. The original music has been arranged by Prof. Zaulig. The cast is as follows:—Helen, Leon; Paris, Edwin Kelly; Cal-Chase, Add Ryman; Ah-Gammon, G. W. H. Griffin; Money-Less, W. H. Brockway; A-Killer, Oberist; A-Jacks, No. 1, C. Stuart; A-Jacks, No. 2, A. Stuart; Arrest-Us, S. S. Purdy; Filopena, C. Haywood; Looney, F. McKeever; To-Bac-Cus, W. Guy; and Herald, Geo. Guy.

THE REGULAR SEASON at the Olympic Theatre closed with the one hundredth performance of "Humpty Dumpty" on the 6th inst., and the summer season commences this evening, on which occasion "Humpty Dumpty," which continues the attraction, undergoes a reconstruction The Fall and Winter season just closed at the Olympic, taken on the whole, has been the most brilliant of any theatre in this city, exceeding in its gross receipts all other places of amusement. The only bad business experienced during the thirty-nine weeks was the last two weeks of the engagement of Maggie Mitchell, which was solely attributed to the lady having but a short time previous closed a brilliant engagement in this city and not producing anything new. The public had been satiated with "Fanchon," "Pearl of Savoy," and "Little Barefoot," and Maggie played herself completely out. The season opened September 9th, 1867, with Joseph Jefferson as the first star, who appeared as Rip Van Winkle, and for seven weeks attracted densely crowded houses with this piece, and he could have remained for a much longer period, but for having previously made other engagements which could not be postponed. A *matinee* was given each Saturday, and altogether "Rip" was produced forty nine times. Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" followed on Oct. 28th and enjoyed a run of one hundred performances, which ended on Saturday, Feb. 1st. The piece was placed upon the stage in magnificent style, and with one exception was exceedingly well cast. Maggie Mitchell followed on Feb. 3d, opening in "Fanchon," which kept the stage for sixteen performances. "Little Barefoot" was played fourteen times and the "Pearl of Savoy" six times. Maggie closed on March 7th, and the theatre was closed on the 9th, as the tricks for the pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty" would not work, so the initial performance of this pantomime was postponed until the 10th, when it was produced, and from the first night up to the present writing has attracted densely crowded houses, as well as on Wednesday and on Saturday afternoons.

MASTER TIMOTHY died in this city on May 23d. For the past two seasons he had been known as T. Caligne, and at the time of his death was a member of the Olympic Theatre Company. He made his first appearance on the stage at the Bowery Theatre in 1865, as the Cat in the pantomime of "Dame Trot and her Comical Cat," and the management was so much pleased with his efforts that he was engaged to play the Harlequins for the next season's pantomimes. He was also very clever in solo acts, such as "Punch on Stilts," etc., and by his performance thereof became quite a favorite and proved himself, for one so young, to be an artist of unusual promise. He next appeared at Barnum's Old Museum and was playing the Green Monster, in the piece of that name, at the time of its destruction; also at the Winter Garden while under Barnum's management. He made his reappearance at the Bowery in 1866, as Little Jack Horner, in "Jack and Gill," and played the same part at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1867. It was during this engagement that he contracted a severe cold, which brought on consumption; and from that time till his death he was subject to fits of sickness which prevented him from attending to his professional duties. He made his last appearance as Harlequin at Barnum's Museum, in the "Magic Trumpet," in the summer of 1867. On the first production of "Humpty Dumpty," at the Olympic, he appeared in a minor part, but being suddenly taken ill, he did not appear after the third night, for some time was sick abed till death relieved him from his sufferings. He was the sole support of two aged parents, and was eighteen years old.

THE COMPANY at present performing at the Theatre Comique, is with but few exceptions a good one. Some of the performers are first class in their business, particularly those who represent *terpsichore* and the gymnasia, but the Ethiopian department, excepting A. J. Leavitt, is rather weak. Some of the representatives of Ethiopia may be considered fair in some places, but they are hardly up to the requirements of a leading Broadway Variety place of amusement. Mons. Alrec is one of the most daring and graceful gymnasts we know, and Andy Leavitt is very funny in his Ethiopianisms. As Acrobats Sig. Caron and sons are clever performers. The afterpiece of "The Nymphs of the Caribbean Sea" was well placed upon the stage and very well performed. Alice Siedler has become quite a favorite in her ballads. Last week she sang selections from the "Grand Duchess" which were heartily applauded and cleverly rendered, particularly the "Sabre of Mon Pere." This week Charles Vivian, vocalist, and John E. Burk, soubrette drilliust, join the company. The Lingard burlesque will also be given. Business was not very good the past week.

FRANK LAWLOR sails for Europe by the steamer of the 13th inst., on a pleasure trip.

NOTWITHSTANDING scarcely any change was made in the programme the past week, Bryant's Minstrels attracted very crowded audiences each evening. We were present three evenings and managed to obtain only standing room, as every seat was occupied, both in the circle and parquet, and the aisles were filled with camp stools. If no other change is made in this week we would advise Mr. Unsworth to change his banjo solo or cut the act altogether. For the present week a burlesque on Lingard's comic entertainment is announced; also an act called "A Flask of (Jersey) Lightning."

WATTY WALLACK, a monologist, who, alone, gives an entertainment of two hours duration, entitled "All the Year Round, or Society of the Present Day," representing, by instantaneous change of costume, over fifty persons, with songs, anecdotes, recitations and dances, makes his American *debut* at Irving Hall on the 9th inst. Mr. Wallack has appeared in the West Indies with much success, and for some time past has resided in Canada, but has seldom appeared of late in public.

MLLE. RITA SANGALLI, one of the most graceful and finished *dancuses* at present on the New York boards, was serenaded by the Olympic Theatre orchestra at her residence, 81 Bleecker street, after the performance of "Humpty Dumpty," on Saturday evening, the 6th inst. Quite a number of the lady's admirers were present at the house and the affair passed off very pleasantly.

THE WEBB SISTERS are expected home from California during next week.

THERE ARE three minstrel organizations in the field and all doing a good business for this season of the year. The San Francisco Minstrels continue in favor with the public and attract to their hall each evening delighted audiences. Very little change is made in the programme offered from one week to another, but so long as the public is satisfied to see the same old acts we presume the management are willing to continue the same bill of fare. Bobby Newcomb has become quite a favorite with the *habitues* and in his songs and dances is *encored* each evening three to four times. The first appearance of D. W. Howe is announced for this evening.

DON'T ASSAULT THE CRITICS.—Some time ago Edward Becker, an actor connected with the Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery, was charged with assaulting George Stein, dramatic critic of a German paper. The case was called in the Court of Special Sessions on the 4th inst., when Becker entered a plea of guilty, stating that he had been provoked to do as he did in consequence of the critic's strictures on his, Becker's, wife, also performing at the Stadt. Justice Dowling said that the provocation was not sufficient to justify the assault; but, in consideration of the excellent character of the defendant, he would merely impose a fine of $25, which was paid, and the case ended. All of which goes to show that while actors frequently have just cause of complaint of unfairness in dramatic criticisms, there are other means of redressing such wrongs than by a resort to the knock down argument. The dramatic critic, whose task is by no means an enviable one, at best, has his rights as well as the actor, rights which our legal tribunals decide must be respected. Had Mr. Becker been in Indiana, and a similar charge been brought against him there, Judge Wilson—or some other equally learned luminary of the law—would have consigned him to the cell of a prison for forty days or more, as they do not recognise the use of fists in that state, where the knife and pistol are in greater vogue as a means of offence and defence.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE closed its regular season on the 6th inst., the last star being Matilda Heron, who appeared as Camille, an impersonation that she has made a specialty of, although she is not the equal of Jean Davenport Lander in the same role. The season, taken on the whole, has not been a successful one, several stars having played very unprofitable engagements, the attendance on many occasions being very meagre. The most brilliant engagement of the season was Lotta's, and the next best was that of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The summer season was to have commenced this evening with Augustin Daly's new play of "A Flash of Lightning," but as the author was prevented by sickness from attending the first rehearsals during the past week, the theatre will remain closed on the 8th and 9th inst. for the purpose of rehearsals, and will open on the 10th. The new play is of the sensational order; it is in five acts and will represent city hearth-sides and city heartaches. John K. Mortimer, McKee Rankin, James Carden, John Jack, W. J. Williamson, Blanche Gray and Amelia Harris, are in the cast.

WALLACK'S THEATRE closed its fall and winter season on the 6th inst. For the first time in many years the Wallacks on the season has proved pecuniarly a failure. The management commenced the season with what was called a burlesque on "Black Eyed Susan," being transplanted from the London to the New York stage, with all its local London hits, instead of having it placed in the hands of some one who could have localized and adapted it to the New York stage. It was a failure from its first production, but the management anticipating a long run for it, had not got anything else ready, so were obliged to keep it on the boards for several nights, playing it to the "shyest" audiences ever before seen in that theatre. As the season commenced very discouragingly, so did it continue and end, with but one exception. The blood and thunder drama of "Oliver Twist"—more suitable to the Old Bowery than Wallack's—was produced with a strong cast and succeeded in attracting for awhile large audiences. "Rosedale" was revived, but with the exception of three or four good houses, was a failure. The same fate awaited the reproduction of "Ours" and other pieces that the previous season had been performed to crowded houses. The production of the "White Cockade" was another failure, which caused the management to hasten the close of the season with the revival of old standard comedies. The season closed on the 6th with the "Stranger," a fitting piece for a dreary, flat and unprofitable season. With but few exceptions the stock company engaged was the weakest ever before seen on the Wallack boards. John Gilbert is one of the best actors on the American stage, and as an eccentric old man J. H. Stoddard has few, if any superiors. George Holland is an old time favorite. Charles Fisher did not appear until late in the season. Mrs. Vernon and Fanny Morant possess abilities too well known for us to dilate upon. It was the first season of Miss Annie Ward and she has made herself a prime favorite. After the season had been somewhat advanced Rose Eytinge was engaged as leading lady, but she utterly failed to fill the place made vacant by Mrs. Hoey or even Henriques. The majority of her impersonations are too cold and stiff, possessing very little vitality. The want of a good leading lady has been a serious drawback in the Wallack management. Even this theatre had to resort to the starring system, for finding the stock weak, the services of E. L. Davenport were called into requisition, also those of James Wallack, Jr., the former remaining but a short time, while the latter filled out the season. The summer season commences this evening, under the management of Theo. Moss, with the first production in this city of Brougham's domestic satire upon the vices, follies and sensations of the present times, entitled the "Lottery of Life." Mr. Brougham will be in the cast; also Charles Fisher, George Holland, Edward Lamb, Effie Germon and Fanny Morant. Rather an amusing story is told about the part for which George Holland is cast. At rehearsal it was found that it required a gentleman to run about the room, and was, for him, altogether too much of the highflyer order, so Mr. Brougham seated himself at the prompt table and in a very few moments re-wrote the part to suit Mr. Holland, which goes to show the aptitude of Mr. Brougham.

THE STADT THEATRE is to be opened this evening for a summer season with E. Eddy as the star attraction, who is to appear in a sensational play entitled "The Phantom Captain." Mr. Eddy has secured the following support:—E. A. Studley, J. W. Lingard, J. M. Ward, Ben Egan, E. L. Tilton, Mr. B. Pike, Seibert, Brink, Haviland, Malmburg, Mrs. D. Myron, Millie Sackett, Mrs. Eberlee, Mrs. Sam Ryan and many others. Many of the above are old established favorites with Bowery theatre goers, and as Mr. Eddy is also a great favorite on the east side, and as he has the best theatre on that side of the town, he will no doubt meet with encouragement, for he certainly is fully deserving of it. Fearing, no doubt, of the success of Mr. Eddy in this undertaking, a certain manager of a theatre who, it appears, has some power in the city government, was instrumental in the issuing of an edict removing from the public places the bill boards owned and formerly used by Barnum's Museum, which contained the posters of the New Stadt, announcing Mr. Eddy's opening. But such business as this will avail nothing, as the east side lovers of amusement and fair play have been made aware of it.

BROOKHOUSE BOWLER accompanied Parepa Rosa to California, leaving on the 1st inst.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH performance of the "White Fawn" and its last representation but twenty-six, takes place on 13th inst. Belle Land, who appeared the past week as the Princess Alka, and Mark Smith as the Queen Bafroilla, were favorably received. Miss Land looked and acted the Princess far more satisfactorily than did Mina Montague. Lillie Eldridge grows in favor as Prince Leander, and is deservedly applauded each evening for her singing. She acts the *role* with considerable spirit. Lizzie Wilmore comes in for a share of applause when singing "Love a Military."

RISTORI closed a series of performances at the French Theatre on Saturday afternoon, the 6th inst. On Sunday evening she gave a reading at Steinway Hall, for the benefit of the Asylum for the children of the Italian soldiers killed on the battlefield.

CHARLES VIVIAN, comic vocalist, returns to England by the steamer of the 27th inst. He purposes revisiting America in the fall.

OLE BULL sails for England on the 11th inst.

THE WORRELL SISTERS continue to present at their *bijou* theatre the same two pieces which have been attracting large and appreciative audiences for some weeks. The burlesqued burlesque of "Paris and Helen" is now in the ninth week of its production, and although there was a slight falling off the past week, nevertheless the attendance was very flattering considering the time it has been played and the fact of its not possessing one "length" of wit. It is, however, the most successful of all productions that this establishment excepting "Under the Gaslight." The farce of "Too Much for Good Nature" is in the seventh week of its run, which is truly remarkable for a farce, but Leffingwell is the sole attraction in this piece and it is one of the best pieces of eccentric comedy witnessed on the New York stage.

ALHAIZA AND CALA BESSI'S FRENCH OPERA TROUPE opened in Opera Bouffe at the French Theatre the past week with Mlle. Lambelo—whose portrait we present on the first page of this week's CLIPPER—as the principal attraction. "Orpheo aux Enfers" was the initial performance, but failed to attract more than a moderate house. The same performance was repeated on the 6th inst. to another poor house.

GEORGE BONIFACE, Robert Johnston and Nelly Germon are the chief attractions at the Bowery Theatre this week. A new Irish drama entitled "Sons of Liberty" will be presented. One of the features of this piece will be a railroad bridge twenty feet high, with locomotive and train of cars in motion.

"THE FOUR PARTNERS," THE CAPTURE OF CONEY ISLAND," is the title of a John F. Poole drama presented at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening. Billy Emerson and Johnny Allen closed a successful engagement on the 6th inst. Loue Boshell, a young lady, formerly connected with the Carter Zouave Troupe, appears this evening in a slack wire performance. The Lingard burlesque, which has proved the greatest and most successful hit of the season, continues on the programme. The season at this house closes on the 27th inst., when the company will go to Boston, and the Opera House will be occupied by Emerson and Allen's Minstrels, now organizing in this city, who open on the 29th inst.

MANAGERS wishing to produce the successful pantomimes of "Humpty Dumpty," now performing at the Olympic Theatre, and which has had a run of over one hundred performance, are notified through an advertisement elsewhere that Tony Denier has secured the right of producing it outside of this city, and managers will negotiate with him for its production.

JOE BROWN, well and favorably known in the minstrel business, returned to this city on the 2d inst., from Liverpool, England. Mr. Brown will be remembered as one of the brightest stars in the Ethiopian profession. In 1856 he danced in Chicago against Dick Sliter, and received the champion silver belt, which he lost when shipwrecked on the coast of Africa, but was presented with another by the merchants and Governor of Cape Town. Mr. Brown left this city for England in 1857, with the Raynor and Pierce Minstrels, and, after an extensive tour of Australia, South Africa, Netherlands, India and China, covering a period of nine years, he paid a flying visit to this city in August, 1866, but only remained a week, when he returned to Liverpool and joined Wilson and Montague's Minstrels, and appeared on the opposite end with Unsworth. Although jig dancing is a specialty with him, he is also considered a good general comedian. He was the first man to do "Old Bob Ridley" in a regular minstrel band.

THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE has been leased by James Fisk, Jr., of the banking firm of Fisk, Bradford & Co., Boston, on a lease of ten years. The house will shortly undergo extensive alterations.

A COMPLIMENTARY Concert has been tendered to Patrick McGowan, to take place at Germania Assembly Rooms on Thursday evening, 9th inst.

MRS. JOHN WOOD, the actress, is not coming home from Europe, as reported. She has sent for her household appurtenances and intends taking charge of a London Theatre during the coming winter.

MARY PROVOST has been dangerously ill at her residence in this city for the past two weeks. She is now convalescent.

Dramatic.

FROM CHICAGO we are advised of doings in the amusement world by our correspondent "Lolterer," under date of June 3d, who says:—"The dramatic event of the week and season is the 'White Fawn,' which was produced for the first time in Chicago on June 1st, at Crosby's, and received by a crowded house. The curtain rose at a quarter past eight, and descended on the third act at one o'clock with the transformation scene—which is to be the old transformation scene used so long in the 'Black Crook' at Niblo's—yet to be seen. By the 8th inst. the performance will be toned and toned down so as to admit of the transformation as originally intended. Its production was hampered by long and tedious waits, something quite unavoidable in all spectacles on first nights, and which time will cure. The following is the cast:—King Ding Dong, J. W. Jennings; Count Tinculum, J. B. Everhard; Prince Leander, Miss Rosa Cooke; Lord Twaddledum, George Atkins; Abdallah, J. A. Oates; King Salmon, Mr. Martin; Queen Paphrolla, Mary Hyde; Princess Graceful, Georgie Jordan; Finetta, Mrs. J. A. Oates; Princess Laka, Maggie Boniface; Aqualine, Annie Kemp, and Ruby, Katie Putnam. Of the above named, Mrs. Oates made by far the most decided hit, and her singing was persistently *encored*, as if the audience could not hear and see enough of her. Miss Rosa Cooke is somewhat known in Chicago from her connection with the Campbell and Castle Opera Troupe. Her song of 'Prince Leander is My Name' was well received, as was her rendition of the 'Kiss Waltz.' Aside from a queer expression in the eyes Miss Cooke looks very well. Annie Kemp received her share of applause, and made a favorable impression. Miss McWilliams, Maggie Boniface and Katie Putnam were well up in their parts, and were dressed magnificently. Katie met with quite a reception from her admirers when she first came on. She ought to have a song, as she can acquit herself in that line with credit. Mr. Jennings failed to make an impression, but may improve, while Atkins was the reverse, and made many friends at once. And now for the ballet. Venturoli and Lupo came on for a *pas de deux* in the ball ballet, which occurs in the prologue. These *premieres* were rapturously received, for they are old and established favorites at this house. The *Coryphees* are nearly the same as in 'Undine' and, of course, the familiar faces received their greeting. Of the second *premieres* we miss the younger Mazzeri, Fontaini and Guerrico, and in their place we have Cerebelli, Persuti and Delaflamma. Of these, Cerebelli is the most finished artist, and bids fair to become a favorite. Adrian, Oberti and Mazzeri were each applauded as they severally appeared. Bonfanti does not appear until the middle of the first act, when she skips across the surface of the 'Lake of the Lilies' and gives the 'Shadow Dance.' I cannot accord this lady a ranking position with Venturali and Wesmael. She has been greatly overrated. Her 'Carnival of Venice,' in the last act, is her best effort, and she was applauded. Mons. Lupo is too good to require any mention I could make. His can-can with Venturoli is the most The Amazon march is the old Crook march, and is led by Miss Colson, a handsome young lady. The third act is one continual round of dances and marches, and the only fault the piece affords is that in this act they actually tire the audience with dancing. The set scene for this act is one of the most gorgeous ever seen in Chicago, and completely overshadows the 'Crook,' 'Undine,' and the whole *repertoire* of spectacles. There was a slight want of harmony between actors, a spare, dancers and orchestra on the first evening, but this had wholly disappeared last evening. Fred. Bichi has the *baton*, and he knows how to wield it. Manager Hess deserves to have crowded houses for the time he has to keep the 'Fawn' on the stage, for he has certainly produced the spectacle in the most complete manner. Billy Warren tells me that he manipulated over twenty-five centuries on the opening night.....Emma Maddern commenced at McVicker's on June 1st, for two weeks, and appeared in a new sensation piece called 'Nip the Crow,' in which she sustains three characters. Notwithstanding the attraction at Crosby's she is meeting with fair success. McDonough and the 'Crook' open at McVicker's about June 20th, and then we will have fun, for Mac brings Moriacchi, one of the best *dancuses* in America.....The week at Wood's is devoted to benefits, Mr. Arnold,

was discovered that some Indians had attacked a train bound for New Mexico within three miles of Ellsworth, and the news caused the excitement

YANKEE ROBINSON'S CIRCUS will be at Des Moines, Iowa, on the 9th inst.

DR MOTT AND WARD'S CIRCUS will be at Carlisle, Pa., on the 10th inst.

DR MOTT AND WARD'S CIRCUS is billed in Baltimore for June 18th, 19th and 20th.

JAMES DE MOTT lost by death on the 31st ult., his eldest son, aged about 5 years.

MAD. TOURNIAIRE is spending the summer at the farm of Eaton Stone, at Passaic, N. J.

HERR DRIESBACH'S MENAGERIE is billed ahead as follows:—June 9th and 10th, Portland, Me.; 11th, Lewiston; 12th, Winthrop; 13th, Augusta; 15th, Gardiner; 16th, Richmond; 17th, Bath; 18th, Damerscatta; 19th, Rockland; 20th, Belfast, and 22d and 23d, Bangor.

HERR DRIESBACH, after a spell of sickness, writes us that he has recovered his health after having been confined to his bed for three months. He resides at Wooster, Ohio, retired from the busy toils of show life.

Music Halls.

OF THE THEIR MUSIC HALLS which have managed to live for some time past in Washington, the Canterbury and Melodeon have closed, and the Metropolitan alone remains. Our correspondent "Novice" visited the latter place on the 4th inst. and found the hall well filled and much enthusiasm prevailing; every member of the company, he writes, "appears in the first part which proves to be quite a feature. The Clark Brothers occupy the ends and get off the oldest kind of jokes, seeming to vie with each other in the selection of ancient gags. The CLIPPER, I observe, paints a fresh budget of conundrums each week, and it would be an item for these gentlemen to profit by them, or arrange something themselves, a little more modern. Johnny Harris is stage manager and interrogator. Billy Gray and Jimmy Quinn sit on the right and left, and the female portion of the company fill up on each side. Louisa Payne Wray is prominently carded. Mrs. Wray's line is descriptive singing. The lady is at times very pleasing; her voice is somewhat impaired, and she very often rattles through an imaginary dialogue so fast that it is difficult to understand her. Miss Ada Wray, vocalist, also appears. Billy Gray appeared in a song and dance, entitled 'Nell, the Little Bell,' which pleased the audience greatly."

"MAHOMET'S DREAM," spectacular *ballet*, met with considerable success at Fox's American Varieties, Philadelphia, during the past week. The Buislay Family take part in it, and a variety of new and attractive dances contribute to make the piece deeply interesting. Novelties have been given at this establishment ever since the season commenced, and we are glad to know that the manager has been well rewarded for his enterprise. Mlle. Pepita is among the newest attractions.

SAM DEVINE, who was banjoizing at Davis' Concert Hall, Baltimore, the past week, can be engaged.

FAITH STEWART is to have a benefit at Atlantic Garden, Philadelphia, when, in addition to other peculiar features, ten boot blacks will climb a greasy pole for a new box and brushes; six "young fellows" will run a race in bags for a live pig. The affair comes off on the 11th inst.

AT THE ST. NICHOLAS, Nashville, Tenn., Dan Griffith is stage manager, and the following company is at present engaged there:—Helen De Vere, Maggie Fielding, Andy McKee, Lizzie Jackson, Blanche Howland, J. Fielding, Lizzie Whalen, Lizzie Ellsworth, Kate Davenport and Miss Lou Whiting.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, New Orleans, for the week ending May 30th, business was only so-so, notwithstanding the attractions that were offered in the way of new burlesques, acts, etc. Our correspondent, "Frank," says:—"On May 25th the new act, 'Impeachment,' and the burletta, the 'Nymphs of the Caribbean Sea,' were given, and on May 28th 'Impeachment,' and the comic drama, the 'Female Privateers,' were produced. Billy Carter did a banjo solo, Louis Zanfretta did the 'Niagara Leap,' Bloodgood, Schoolcraft and Reed in a negro act, Jennie Engel sang some Irish songs, and Mons. Novissimo, M'lles Carnaggia, Kate Wood, and the *corps de ballet* executed a new *ballet*, all in good style.....At the Olympic Johnny Thompson remains. Jim Porter and Jimmy Cummings do the act, the 'Lively Pair.' Lillie Beckett sang some new songs, written for her by Ned Straight; the Sisters Mayling execute a double dance and Maggie Vernon a single dance. One of the best little dancers—La Petite Anita by name—has left this house. Minnie Grey concluded her engagement on Sunday, May 25th, and left for Memphis, May 27th."

DIEFFENBACH AND FRED BUCKINGHAM were to open the Assembly Rooms, Alexandria, Va., on June 5th, with the following company:—Miss Maggie Clair, the brothers Eagan and Ernest, Morrissey, little Master Phillip, Harry Wallace, Phil. Diefenbach, Harry Wells, little Dannie and Fred Buckingham.

OLYMPIC CONCERT HALL, Norfolk, Va., at which a good collection of talent is now performing, is harvesting a good crop of greenbacks, we are informed. In addition to the talent now there more is wanted, as will be seen by announcement in our advertising columns.

AT THE GAIETIES, Mobile, Ala., business during the week ending June 2d, is said to have been bad. The managers, Stone and Brothers, have reduced their company to four ladies and two boys. The establishment was compelled to close on May 25th, on account of the musicians in the orchestra striking for their salaries. Sallie E. Eldridge, Mlle. Marie, Lotta Starr and Mlle. Edith, and Masters Berry and Williams are in the company.

JOHNNY REDDEN AND JOHNNY KEEGAN were tendered a benefit at Odd Fellows' Hall, Mobile, Ala., on May 30th, which proved a success. Johnny Redden appeared in several of his best songs and dances; likewise Keegan in a jig and clog dance. Several professionals and amateurs volunteered, among whom was Mr. Dudley, who did some tricks in the magic art. Geo. Jessel sang several ballads, Geo. E. Madden sang a Dutch song and Masters Berry and Williams did a double essence.

SUSIE STARR, the Iferd Sisters, Norah Irwin and Georgia May appeared at the Palace Varieties, Cincinnati, last week. The business has been only tolerable.

AT THE BALTIMORE OPERA HOUSE business continues good. The hall has been considerably improved and now presents a clean and neat appearance. The management, Messrs. Kernan and Brothers, are constantly adding attractions, and expect to have an entire new company next week.

AT DAVIS' CONCERT SALOON, Baltimore, Harry Richmond, Ethiopian comedian, has lately been added to the company.

THE OLYMPIC, Norfolk, Va., has been doing a good business since the opening night. Jennie Benson, cloggist, has been favorably received. Jimmy Clark, jiggist, occupies the bone end, with Mell Kurtz as tambo. Leona Cavender, George Hall and Mary Arlean are in the company. All places of amusement in that city have to be closed at eleven o'clock, by order of the Mayor.

AT THE VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., business was pretty good the past week. Billy Diamond is on the bone end; Jerry Howard, tamborine; Charley Kane, interlocutor; Kate Clare, jiggist; Harry Pearce, Balladist; Julia Marsh, *danseuse*; Kitty Lee, J. B. Ferrie and J. C. Lynch are in the company. This week, Millie Zoel and Prendergrast, song and dance performer, appear.

FRANK LUM has returned to Newark, N. J., and is at present vocalizing at Hanry's Concert Saloon.

Miscellaneous.

BREHAN'S SWISS BELL RINGERS gave an entertainment in Norwich, N. Y., on the 2d inst., which is said to have given great satisfaction to all present. The singing and playing were equally good.

HARTZ is traveling through New York State. He was in Syracuse last week.

MR WM. LINGARD, the comic vocalist and mimic, made his bow before a Trojan audience at the Griswold Opera House on the 1st for three nights. Business was only middling during his stay.

WASHBURNE'S AHWANETUNKE INDIAN EXHIBITION, consisting of six native Indians from the Great Western Plains, with Frank and Leon Washburn, Masters Clarence, Henri and Jean, gymnasts, opened in Troy, N. Y., June 2d, for two nights, to a full house. They are said to give a clever show and seemed to give general satisfaction. The Messrs. Washburn and Masters Clarence, Henri and Jean are pronounced good in their gymnastic performances.

ALF. BURNETT gave an entertainment in Kensington, Pa., the past week. He assists at Chas. Taylor's benefit at the Brooklyn Academy, on the 10th inst., after which he goes to the Morris Bros. Opera House, Boston, for two weeks, commencing June 15th.

THE BANJO, as well as jig and clog dancing, is taught by John Bogan, whose terms are only five dollars for a course. For further particulars consult his advertisement elsewhere.

THE BROTHERS BRAND gave a concert at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on the 4th inst., to raise funds to perfect their musical education in Europe. They were assisted by Carl Banes' orchestra, and a number of amateurs.

THE CINCINNATI RINK remains open for roller skating until July. It is being very liberally patronized.

MLLE. HERISO was to have appeared in German tragedy, in the play of "The School of Life," in Cincinnati, on the 7th.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE COMPANY from Boston was to open at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 8th, for one week.

THE BLACK SWAN warbled at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, on the 4th inst.

FATHER ROSS' OLD FOLKS concertised at Reading, Pa., on the 5th inst.

THE FUZI YAMA JAPS appeared in Ingersoll Hall, St. Paul, Minn., on the 4th inst.

MUSIC HALL, Hartford, Ct., has the repute of being a convenient, ornamental and well located establishment, for concerts, lectures and exhibitions generally. It is well lighted, ventilated and has good seating capacity, consequently managers and agents intending to travel that way and wishing to rent it should address Mr. Toohy, as instructed in a card in our advertising columns.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCEPLEXAL TROUPE performed at Fond Du Lac, Wis., on May 26 and 28; Green Bay, 29 and 30; Oshkosh, June 1 and 2; Milwaukee, 5 and 6; and will visit Grand Rapids, Mich., 8 and 9; Flint, 10; and East Saginaw, 11 and 12.

MARSHALL AND DOYLE'S JAPS exhibited in Aurora, Ill., May 29th and 30th; Morris, June 1st and 2d; and were advertised for Ottawa, 3d and 4th, and Jolliet, 5th and 6th, and will be in the Canadas this week.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELL RINGERS are noted for their extensive travels and big jumps. The week ending May 30th we noticed them in Illinois, and last week they were in London, Canada West.

TOM THUMB AND PARTY were in Montreal June 1st and 2d.

THE LA GRANGE-BRIGNOLA TROUPE were billed at Toronto for June 4th, 5th and 6th.

LOGRENIA, with his "cats, mice and birds," is doing her Majesty's Dominion of Ontario.

M. JOHN DENIER gave a rope ascension in Fond du Lac, Wis., on May 30th, to a large concourse of people, and went thence to Waupan, Wis., June 1st; Ripon, 2d; and Horicon, 4th.

SPAULDING'S BALL RINGERS gave one of their concerts at Southbridge, Mass., June 2d, and at Webster the 3d. The halls were filled both nights. They are said to be doing a good "biz." Georgie Dean Spaulding's execution on the harp elicits great enthusiasm.

MESSRS. HUGGETT AND MCNEIL, bill posters, of Akron, Ohio, publish their card in our advertising columns.

DO YOU WANT TO SEE SNAKES? If you do, and would like to buy them as attractions to shows and exhibitions, besides other reptiles and animals as instructions to zoological students, wait on or write to J. Percival, of this city, who has a card in our advertising columns. He's got lots of snakes, one of which, we understand, is very large and long.

PROF. MACEVOY, of the "Hiberniecn," closed a season of nine months on the 1st and has returned to his country seat at Mount Vernon, N. Y., for the summer. He purposes bringing out another panorama of Ireland in the fall. The Pearson Brothers are already engaged on the work, under the supervision of the Prof., at Mount Vernon.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL CONCERT TROUPE are traveling through Ohio. E. McConkey and J. B. Murphy are lecturers; Frank Newhall, balladist; James H. Roberts, violinist; W. J. Austin, buffo vocalist; and Murphy, Newhall, Roberts and Austin, quartet. The boys sing in the open air from a four horse chariot, got up in splendid style.

PROPRIETORS of public halls wishing scenery in large or small quantities can be supplied by L. W. Seavey, who has lately returned from Europe with models of the latest novelties.

ELLA LORD has been making tight rope ascensions at Quentin Park, Milwaukee, Wis.

TOM THUMB and party will be in Newburgh, N. Y., on the 16th inst.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS, magical apparatus manufacturers, publish their card in the CLIPPER.

NED BUNTLINE made his first appearance in San Francisco, Cal., on Sunday evening, May 10th, when he addressed the Temperance Legion, at their Hall. He was particularly severe on rum-sellers, whom he considered no more nor less than murderers, and proposed to do battle with them there. He thought the moderate drinkers were worse than drunkards, for the habit obtained such a hold upon them as could not be resisted. His remarks were interspersed with numerous anecdotes, which served to keep the audience in good humor. He apologized for the brevity of his remarks, on the score of illness. The Hall was crowded and hundreds were unable to obtain admission.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS will give an entertainment at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 15th inst., for the benefit of the Iron Moulders' Association.

DAVID B. WYLIE, of the Richings Opera Troupe, died suddenly at Washington, D. C., on the morning of the 8th inst.

JOSEFINA FILOMENO, the wonderful Cisilian girl, gave another parlor concert on June 1st, at Philharmonic Hall, St. Louis, Mo., to an overflowing house. On June 5th she received a testimonial of appreciation of her wonderful talents as a pianist and violinist. She was to go thence to Boston and New York.

THE "CIRCLE OF EUTERPE" gave a concert in St. Louis, Mo., on June 4th, for the benefit of the Western Female Guardian Society. One of the features was an overture to "Semiramide," by seventeen performers on eight pianos and one organ.

CHARLES H. DAY, the New Haven publisher, issues another proclamation in this week's CLIPPER. During this summer season he intends ruralising and pulling an oar at Lake Whitney, a rural suburb of New Haven; and when the summer solstice is o'er, will associate himself with some star or company as advance agent. It's all Day with him. Poor fellow!

"JENNY GOSSEN" is the title of a comic song and dance that is attractive, published by Cottier & Denton, of Buffalo, N. Y. See their advertisement.

A PANORAMA OR STEREOPTICON is advertised for by C. W. K. in another column.

PROF. LOGRENIA, having closed a successful traveling tour, can be secured for engagements of six or twelve nights for the summer season, with his performing birds, white mice and cat.

JEROME BLITZ, magician, gave an entertainment at Columbia, Pa., on the 6th inst.

PROF. ST. JEAN, the magician and illusionist, gave a performance at the Newark, N. J., Opera House, on the 4th inst.

THE LINGARD MUSIC COMBINATION show on the 11th, 12th and 13th inst., in Newark, N. J.

Amateur.

"THE AMATEURS," of Baltimore, appeared on June 1st at the Concordia Opera House, in the tragedy of "Othello." A correspondent says:—"Mr. Edgar Shelley, the Othello of the evening, read his lines in a very creditable manner, but in some portions lacked that fire which characterizes the Moor. His voice was, however, unfavorable to the character. Mr. F. Allen as Iago showed an improper conception of the part. Instead of the wily, subtle devil, as he was, he played it as an open villain. Mr. Edward Erwin as Cassio deserves praise. His conception of the character was nearer perfect than any of those of his companions, and his acting in general was remarkably fine. The Desdemona of Miss Hattie Gray was only tolerable. Mr. T. B. Nelson as the Duke, and Mr. G. Sheldon as Roderigo, deserve credit; though I would caution Mr. Sheldon against making a clown of a Venetian gentlemen in the future. The acting in general gave satisfaction, and I predict for the Amateurs a prosperous future."

THE AMATEURS, of Mobile, Ala., gave a performance of the "Old Guard" and "Post of Honor" on May 27th.

THE WALLACK DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Washington, gave a benefit to the boy orator, Master J. S. Green, at Gonzaga Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 3d inst. J. Howard Payne's two act comedy of "Charles the Second; or, The Merry Monarch," was rendered. The George Washington Glee Club assisted, as did Messrs. T. Harry Donehue and Frank Ree.

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT was given at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., on the 8th inst., for the benefit of the poor, by the Washington Amateur Dramatic Association. "La Tour de Nesle" and the farce of "Why Don't She Marry," were given. Mr. W. A. Simmons and Miss Carrie Crystal sustained the leading characters.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—At Drury Lane Theatre the week commencing May 11th opened with the second performance of "Maria," with Mlle. Nilsson as the heroine. "Don Giovanni" was given on May 13th, and attracted the largest audience of the season, owing in a great measure to the extraordinarily attractive combination of Mdlles. Titiens, Kellogg and Christine Nilsson in the three female characters—Donna Anna, Zerlina and Donna Elvira. The "Marriage of Figaro" will shortly be given with Mdlle. Titiens as the Countess, Mdlle. Kellogg as Cherubino, and Mdlle. Nilsson as Susanna. "Don Giovanni" was repeated on the 16th, when the theatre was again crowded to excess. On the 14th "Les Huguenots" was performed for the first time this season. A new tenor, Sig. Feronsi, a Hungarian, played Raoul de Nangis. At present there is a woful dearth of tenors equal to the ordinary emergencies of Italian opera. On May 19th Mlle. Kellogg made her first appearance as Amina in "La Sonnambula."....At the Royal Italian Opera House Adelina Patti appeared on May 16th as Amina in "La Sonnambula." The theatre was better attended than on any preceding evening of the season, and throughout the opera Mdlle. Patti was rapturously applauded. Her fascinating and, in every respect, artistic performance of the innocent village girl is pronounced as perfect as anything can be; while her faultless and brilliant vocalization was more noticeable than ever in the last air, "Ah non giunge." "Don Pasquale," with Mdlle. Adelina Patti as Norina (first time), was presented on May 18th; "Faust" on the 19th; "Don Giovanni," with Signor Graziani (first time) as the libertine, on the 20th, and on the 23d, "La Favorita," with Mdlle. Pauline Lucca and Signor Mario in the principal characters.....At the Haymarket Theatre the play entitled "A Hero of Romance" was produced on May 18th for the fifty-fourth time, and was preceded by a new comedietta, called "The Ladies' Champion," adapted from the French farce "Un Chevalier des Dames," by a gentleman to whom the playbill assigns the name of H. Harold Gwindon.....At the New Greenwich Theatre Mad. Celeste was to have commenced a six nights' engagement on May 18th, but in consequence of a severe indisposition was prevented from appearing until the 20th, when the drama of "The House on the Bridge of Notre Dame" was played, Madame Celeste sustaining her original *roles* of Zambaro and Ernest de la Garde. The reception that she met with was immense, being called before the curtain at the end of every act; and, in consequence of the great success of the drama, it was repeated on the 21st, 22d and 23d. A new farce, written specially for this theatre by Mr. G. S. Hodgson, called "Peggy's Little Game," was played during the week. This theatre was to close on the 8th inst. On May 26th Miss Eleanor Bufton was to take her benefit, and play Lady Audley, in "Lady Audley's Secret." Mr. Arthur Stirling and Mr. Gaston Murray kindly consented to perform for the fair *beneficiaire*.....Astley's Theatre was put up at public sale on May 19th, but no purchaser was forthcoming.....Signor Antonio Sapio died on the 6th of May, at his residence in Queen's Park, Chester, aged sixty-four years. He was the youngest son of the tutor to Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, and brother to the eminent singer of the same family. In early life he was a midshipman in the East India Company's service, but shortly left it at the solicitation of his mother. He was an Associate of the Royal College of Music, and held three honorary medals of that body. Afterwards he went to Dublin, where he became the first tutor to the late Catherine Hayes. Eventually he settled in Chester, where he died, and has left a widow.....It's Never too late to Mend" was to be reproduced at the Grecian Theatre on May 25th.....Miss Elleeman, pupil of Sig. Arditi, favorably spoken of in musical circles, was to appear with the *artistes* of her Majesty's Opera, at the Signor's Morning Concert on May 25th, at Drury Lane Theatre.....A morning performance was to be given at the Haymarket Theatre on June 5th, under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, consisting of "London Assurance," with the following cast:—Sir Harcourt Courtley, Ben. Webster; Max Harkaway, E. P. Addison; Charles Courtley, Mr. Sothern; Dazzle, Charles Matthews; Mark Meddle, J. L. Toole; Cool, H. Irving; Dolly Spanker, Mr. Buckstone; Solomon Isaacs, G. Vincent; Martin, Mr. Johnson; James, Mr. James; Simpson, Mr. Wetten; Lady Gay Spanker, Mrs. Charles Mathews; Grace Harkaway, Miss Nelly Moore; and Pert, Mrs. Keeley. "A Roland for an Oliver" was to conclude the performance, which was for the benefit of the Dramatic College.....At the Princess' Theatre "Nobody's Child" was the attraction announced for the week ending May 30th.....The Risley troupe of Japs are in their last nights at the Lyceum Theatre.....The Field of the Cloth of Gold" continues to be the attraction at the Strand Theatre.....The Prince of Wales' Theatre finds Robertson's play of "Play" sufficiently attractive to continue playing it for the present.....Fanny Josepha is rusticating at Holborn Theatre with the "Post Boy" and the burlesque of the "White Fawn."....Adah Isaacs Menken was, up to last advices, attracting large audiences to Sadler's Wells to see the daring actress in "Mazeppa".....Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan are at the Queen's Theatre.....William Augustus Barnes, a once popular Pantaloon in the London pantommes, died in London on May 17th. Mr. Barnes became, at an early period of his life, associated with the *ballet* department of the London theatres, and for some time was professionally engaged through the United States. On Dec. 26, 1848, he made his appearance as clown, at the Olympic Theatre, in the pantomime of "William the Conqueror," and from that date he has been a prominent member of the troupe, which included the names of Messrs. Flexmore, Boleno and Cormack. In the Drury lane pantomime last Christmas he acted with as much characteristic humor as ever. On May 21st an inquest was held, relative to the death of Mr. Barnes. He had been very low and despondent since the expiration of his engagement last Christmas, owing to a dearth of business in photography. On May 17th he breakfasted, when he complained of a pain at his heart, and said he was too ill to eat. He shortly afterwards left the breakfast room in order to prepare his apparatus, as six gentlemen were about to wait on him at eleven o'clock. Very shortly afterwards, while his cousin was in the bedroom of deceased, he called, "I want to speak to you particularly. Come down directly." She went down and saw him sitting in his easy chair. He took her hand in his and said, "God Almighty bless you!—good bye!" She broke away and obtained assistance, but he died in less than ten minutes. The deceased had never threatened to commit suicide, but he had been very low spirited. His mother died under melancholy madness. The evidence of a surgeon, who had made a *post mortem* examination, proved that there was a slight disease of the lungs and heart, but not sufficient to account for a sudden death. It was clear that the deceased had taken a quantity of cyanide of potassium. Other evidence showed that he had threatened to take away his life, and the jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while in a state of unsound mind."....Madame Senyah, the flying lady, continues to give her remarkable performance at the Marylebone Music Hall. She is said to float through the air with the greatest of ease, and twist and hang while clinging to the rings or trapeze, with her legs or hands with the daring and dexterity of the most agile and adventurous male gymnasts. Mons. Senyah, who performs in association with her, shares in the enthusiastic applause which their feats excite.....Paul Bedford took his farewell of the stage on May 16th, at the Queen's Theatre.....The City of London Theatre was reopened on May 16th, under Geo. Webster's management, with a new drama, in three acts, entitled "Paved with Gold."

AUSTRALIAN THEATRICALS.—Theatrical business in Australia was quite dull during the week ending March 28th, owing to the indignation meetings, etc., held in consequence of the attempted assassination of the Duke of Edinburgh. In Sydney, this event has caused the theatre to be deserted, and Mr. Coppin has brought his management to a close with serious loss. The Prince of Wales' Opera House passes into the hands of Mr. Wm. Dind, who has relet the theatre to Messrs. Smith and Lenton's troupe of Japanese. They will be succeeded by the Lyster Opera Company, for a ten weeks' season, after which there is some talk of a co-operative dramatic company.....The Victoria Theatre, after being closed for many months, is to reopen under the management of Mr. W. Hoskins, who has been playing during the last five weeks at the Prince of Wales' Opera House,.....In Melbourne, Mr. Lambert has taken his farewell of the colonial stage, and sailed for London with the express determination of passing the remainder of his days in the quiet enjoyment of the fortune he has accumulated.....The Theatre Royal is now under the management of Messrs. Vincent, Harwood-Stewart, and Henning, and doing a paying business with stock pieces. Great preparation is being made for Easter, after which Mr. Montgomery plays a farewell engagement..... The Princess', although producing a succession of attractive novelties, has failed to do a paying business. The company will remove to the Duke of Edinburgh Theatre at Easter..... At Polytechnic Hall, Mrs. Alfred Phillips, her son and husband, are giving an entertainment, called "Mr. and Mrs. Twopenny's Tea Party," with very indifferent success.....Mr. Walter Hill, the comedian, met with a serious accident by the falling of a set piece whilst acting at the Duke of Edinburgh Theatre. For some time it was feared he would lose his life. A complimentary benefit was got up by his friends on the 24th of March, and a crowded house was the result.....Robert Heir died on Feb. 29th. For some time he had been suffering from softening of the brain, and death has at last relieved his affliction on board the steamship Auckland, on the voyage from Melbourne to New Zeland. Accompanied by Mrs. Heir and Mr. Bennett, Mr. Heir left Melbourne on the evening of Feb. 25th. On the 27th, while conversing with Mr. Bennett, he suddenly jumped up as if siezed with pain, and falling forward on his face, he bled somewhat profusely from his nose. From that time he had occasional returns of unconsciousness, with convulsions, until the 29th, when he died. The body was taken to the Bluff and buried. A benefit was given to Mrs. Heir at the Princess' Theatre, Dunedin, by the members of the company. It is reported that Mrs. Heir will proceed at once to England.....Mr. Walter Montgomery has brought his readings to a close in Sydney. The New South Welchmen have not appreciated the great tragedian to the same extent as the Victorians. The frequent patronage of the Duke of Edinburgh was to the business at the theatre, but the Royal recitals were too slow. With the exception of a few patronage nights business was very bad. To save the delay of negotiation, Mr. Montgomery advertises himself to let for up-country readings at £50 per night, but the up-country don't seem to see it at the price. Mr. Montgomery's lawyer has made an engagement for him at the Royal, to follow the Easter piece.....James Anderson left this colony on April 1st by overland route, and was expected to arrive in England during the month of May.....Burton's Circus opened in Adelaide on the 20th of March to a crowded house. The troupe was to remain for three weeks, an d then make for New South Wales, overland.....The Hokitika Theatre is still closed and advertised to let.....The Gouriays are in Launceston, giving occasional entertainments..... The Worlds' Circus has gone to Japan.....Messrs. Ross, Carlo and Samwells have sailed for California. .....Mr. Coppin has been dangerously ill in Adelaide..... The Lancashire Bell-Ringers are out of engagement in Melbourne.....The Tycoon Troupe of Japanese are giving their entertainments through New Zealand, after which they are expected in South Australia.....The Marzetti Troupe are dancing at the Varieties.....There has been great excitement at Ballaarat with the Lysters, who are accused of making use of disloyal expressions upon hearing of the attempt to assassinate the Prince. A public meeting was held, and Mr. Fred Lyster apologized, but the feeling was so strong against him that they would not allow him to appear again in connection with the Opera company.....Prof. Kohler, wizard, has been giving his entertainment at the East Adelaide Assembly Rooms.....Sig. Abecco has been giving a series of concerts at Port Adelaide. ....."Wilson's great World Circus" was at Hong Kong, April 7th. Miss Gemma was the principal attraction. The Company left for Shanghai on April 9th.

THE "BARBER OF SEVILLE," a long forgotten opera by Paesiello, has been revived in Paris with considerable success. In 1816 a young man, then unknown to fame, called upon Paesiello, and respectfully asked his permission to try his 'prentice hand on a subject which had been so gloriously treated by the master. This veteran, with a patronizing smile, gave his consent, little dreaming what would be the consequence. The modest aspirant was Rossini, who in fifteen days composed that "Barbiere di Sevigilia," which was destined to drive Paesiello's opera from the stage for half a century, and to extinguish the remembrance of it except in the minds of a very few amateurs. Rossini, when he afterwards became the greater man, was wont to say—"I like Paesiello's music because it never prevents me from thinking of something else."

THE VALUE OF PLAYS.—Dion Boucicault writes:—"A successful drama is worth at least £25,000, and a very great success may be worth from £30,000 to £45,000 Hitherto great actors and managers have divided between them the theatrical spoils. For example, the authors of 'The Lady of Lyons,' or 'London Assurance,' or 'The Love Chase,' were paid at the rate of about $5 a night for their work, and a guinea a night in the provincial theatres; while the star actor receives £20 a night in London and £50 in the provinces. I have changed all that. I demanded that the literary element should be equally recognized and better paid than the artistic. I have succeeded, and am happy to announce that a successful dramatic author can now make as much as even a *prima donna*."

STEPHEN MASSETT gave his last concert at Hong Kong, China, on April 18th.

AMUSEMENTS.

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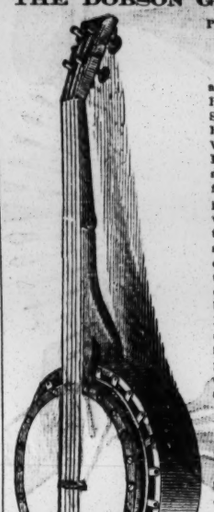

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